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THE PHILADELPHIA CONVENTION.

THE Philadelphia "National Union" Convention met on August 14. An immense wigwam had been erected for the purpose, capable of holding fifteen thousand persons, having a front of 146 feet on Girard Avenue. It was two stories in height to provide for galleries.

The call for the Convention was issued June 25, and was signed by two members of the Cabinet—O. H. BROWNING, and W. A. RANDALL, by Senators DOOLITTLE, from Wisconsin, and COWAN, from Pennsylvania, and by Messrs. CHARLES KNAPP and SAMUEL FOWLER. It appealed to "all such electors in the thirty-six States and nine Territories of the United States, and in the District of Columbia, who in a spirit of patriotism and love for the Union can rise above personal and sectional considerations, and who desire to see a truly national Convention, which shall represent all the States and Territories of the Union, assemble as friends and brothers, under the National flag, to hold counsel together upon the state of the Union, and to take measures to avert possible danger from the same;" it appealed to all such to choose "at least two delegates from each Congressional District of all the States, two from each Territory, two from the District of Columbia, and four delegates at large from each State.

The following were the prominent delegates chosen: Lewis Parsons, Alabama; Senator M'Dougall, California; Senator Dixon, Connecticut; William Marvin, Florida; Alexander H. Stephens, Linton Stephens, and Herschell V. Johnson, Georgia; Secretary O. H. Browning, General A. M'Clernand, Charles Knapp, and Hon. J. H. M'Call, Illinois; Hon. Thomas A. Hendricks, Indiana; General Thomas H. Benton, Jun., and Henry Clay Dean, Iowa; Hon. Hugh Ewin, Kansas; Senator Guthrie, and Hon. Lazarus W. Powell, Kentucky; Judge E. Abel, Major-General F. J. Herron, Senator Fellows, and Judge C. Roselius, Louisiana; Rev. Leonard Woods, Maine; Senator Johnson, and Hon. Montgomery Blair, Maryland; Robert C. Winthrop, Major-General Couch, and John Quincy Adams, Jun., Massachusetts; Major-General A. S. Williams, and Major-General G. A. Custer, Michigan; Judge Yerger, Mississippi; T. T. Crittenden, Missouri; Major-General Heath, and Chief-Justice Kellogg, Nebraska; John P. Stockton, and Theodore Runyon, New Jersey; John A. Dix, Hon. H. J. Raymond, Sanford E. Church, James Brooks, and Fernando Wood, New York; Governor Orr, South Carolina; William C. Rives, Virginia; J. R. Doolittle, and A. W. Randall, Wisconsin.

SENATOR J. R. DOOLITTLE, PRESIDENT OF THE PHILADELPHIA CONVENTION.
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY & CO., WASHINGTON, D. C.]

Just before the meeting of the Convention Hon. Fernando Wood, Henry C. Dean, and C. L. Vallandigham withdrew from their delegations.

As the delegations entered the Hall, Governor ORR, from South Carolina, and General COUCH, from Massachusetts, entered arm in arm. This event excited tremendous applause. The New York *Tribune* makes a very funny remark about this arrival. It says: "Had BARNUM and his happy family suddenly appeared they could not have created more astonishment. The Convention was on its feet in an instant, and the delegates, climbing the benches, looked in every direction to see South Carolina and Massachusetts arm in arm enter. Soon the burly form of JAMES L. ORR was seen moving up the left aisle, holding by the arm a frightful-looking specimen, who appeared more like his captive than his friend."

General JOHN A. DIX was chosen temporary President. Upon taking the chair he made an address to the Convention. In the course of his remarks he said:

"Each House of Congress may, as the judge of the qualification of its own members, reject individuals for just cause; but the two bodies, acting conjointly, can not exclude an entire delegation without an unwarrantable assumption of power. Congress has not only done this, it has gone further—it has incorporated new conditions with amendments to the Constitution, and submitted them for the ratification of the States. There is no probability that these amendments will be ratified by three-fourths of the States of this Union. To insist on the conditions they contain is to prolong indefinitely the exclusion of more than one-fourth of the States from their right to be represented in the legislative bodies. They had a right under the Constitution; they had a right under the resolutions passed in both Houses of Congress in 1861. Those resolutions were not concurrent, but they were substantially identical. Moreover, they were entitled to be rep-

EXTERIOR OF THE WIGWAM OF THE PHILADELPHIA CONVENTION.—[SKETCHED BY C. H. WELLS.]

resented on other grounds of fairness and good faith. It is this wrong which we have come here to protest against, and, as far as in us lies, redress."

On the 15th Senator DOOLITTLE was chosen President of the Convention. He also made a short speech of the same tenor as General DIX's. It is unnecessary to enter into the details of the proceedings. There was no discord, and no discussion. No speeches were made except those already alluded to. The object of the Convention seemed to be to get its Address before the people, and its Declaration of Principles. Having done this, it adjourned *sine die*. We print the Declaration in full in our news column.

The Address was read by Hon. HENRY J. RAYMOND. It was in the nature, mainly, of an argument in support of the principles already indorsed by the Convention. Comments of a political nature in regard to the conduct of the Convention are given in their proper place.

On the 18th a Committee appointed for that purpose delivered to President JOHNSON a copy of the proceedings of the Convention—the Address, etc. Senator REVERDY JOHNSON made a speech on behalf of the Committee, which was replied to by the President, who cordially indorsed the acts of his supporters, and declared that he would never depart from the Constitutional principles by which he had stood thus far. General GRANT, during these proceedings, stood by the side of the President.

We give on the preceding page a portrait of Senator DOOLITTLE, President of the Convention. He is the most prominent of the Conservative members of the Senate, and has from the first been an ardent supporter of President JOHNSON's policy.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1866.

THE REACTION.

WHEN the war ended a reaction was inevitable. The only questions were, when it would begin, how far it would extend, and whether it would have any peculiar and unexpected impetus. Of the two great parties in the country the Democrats only could be the gainers in votes, while the tendency toward reaction would necessarily serve to moderate the action of the Union party. The hope of the Democrats was that, when the war was over, the accession of the solid vote of the late rebel States, upon which they counted, together with their own regular party force and the disaffected Union men in the rest of the country, combined with a dextrous acquiescence in the results achieved, would bring the Democratic party again into power. For this purpose a year ago, in the State of New York, where the party is most prudently managed because of its perpetual hope of absorbing what is facetiously called the "Conservative" element of the other party, a ticket was cunningly prepared upon which the leading names were those of men who had acted with the Union party while the resolutions protested fidelity to the Union and to the President. This was a skillful movement. It tempted the reaction to begin with vehemence. It would in any event certainly prove whether it were ready to begin. And the result *did* prove beyond dispute that it was not. The Union party carried the State in 1864 by barely six thousand majority. It carried it in 1865 by more than thirty thousand. And in every other State down to the latest election the Union line has been unbroken.

The reaction did not begin because the policy of reconstruction was not evident. Meanwhile, however, Congress has met. The President and Congress have differed. Each has appealed to the country, and the reaction is now apparent, with the unexpected impetus of the support of the Administration. The power of that support is undeniable. The Executive patronage, the extent of which we have more than once indicated as a grave national peril, is strained to the utmost to sustain the reaction. The President, indeed, in his Message vetoing the Freedmen's Bureau bill expressed dislike of increasing the patronage. Perhaps it did not occur to him that while the bill itself might give him the control of a few thousand agents, the veto gave him the hearty support of the whole population whom he had allowed to vote. And however he may have deprecated an increase of patronage, that which he already possesses he has not hesitated to use in a manner which proves that the fear of its possible prostitution to personal ends was not one of his reasons for declining more of it. The present tenure of office is not fidelity to the party but adherence to the person. "My Policy" we are quite sure would be found as effectual a muzzle among the great body of national office-holders to-day as Slavery was in the good old days of PIERCE and BUCHANAN.

The Philadelphia Convention was a fair measure of the character and extent of the reaction. In studying the character of the delegates, with that of the State Conventions which sent them, we can estimate how serious the defection from the Union party is likely to be. For a New Yorker a key to the problem is the simple fact that the chairman of what calls itself a "Union" delegation from that State was Mr. SAMUEL J. TILDEN, one of the most conspicuous old Democrats who steadily opposed the war, and the secretary was Mr. E. O. PERRIN, to whom we do no injustice in saying that he is known merely as one of the most offensive old Whig-Know-Nothing-Copperheads. Both of these gentlemen, we believe—certainly Mr. TILDEN—were delegates to the Chicago Surrender Convention of 1864. Massachusetts, again, had a Convention of which Mr. SALSTONSTALL, the BELL-EVERETT manager of 1860, and Mr. WYZEMAN MARSHALL, the Boston Theatre manager at the present time, were the directors, and Mr. ISAAC H. WRIGHT, an old Democratic custom-house officer of the good old days when the cue of the custom-house was abuse of the Abolitionists, and Mr. JOHN L. SWIFT, a Republican stump-speaker of '56 and '60, but not a gentleman who can be fairly said to represent any thing or any body in Massachusetts, were the orators. This was the reactionary demonstration in Faneuil Hall. The meeting sent to Philadelphia three or four of the most noted Democrats in the State, several Democratic politicians, several Johnsonian office-holders, and, we are sorry to say it, the heir of an honorable name—Mr. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

The action in these two States is an illustration of the character and extent of the reaction. It has taken from the Union ranks some office-holders, but the preliminary Conventions and the composition of the Philadelphia assembly show that the great bulk of the great Union party still clings steadily together. The list of delegates to Philadelphia comprised both the most respectable and the most notorious Copperheads in every State. It ranged from such names as ROBERT C. WINTHROP, REVERDY JOHNSON, and JOHN A. DIX, to VALLANDIGHAM, HENRY CLAY DEAN, and JOHN B. RIDGE, of Arkansas, who nominates General LEE for the Presidency. Whether all who were elected sat in the Convention or not, the fact remains that they and those who sent them instinctively sympathized with its spirit. But the same list does not contain one name of an original distinctive leader of the Union party.

The opponents whom we are to encounter in the autumn elections, therefore, are the old Democrats to whom General DIX and his friends—who, as their fervent orator, Mr. CODDINGTON, said, in 1864, "huddled under the LINCOLN shed until Democracy finds a better roof to shield us from the tempest"—will return, and with them, probably, what are known in New York as "WEED men" and National office-holders. But of these, it must be remembered, all the Democratic portion—including, doubtless, General DIX and his friends—voted for General SLOCUM last year, and the "WEED men" have been sometimes suspected of irregularity, and even charged with "trading" votes and "selling" the ticket. But the Union party was never more united, never more in earnest. Every day's experience has revealed the condition of the South, and shown that to assume every thing to be as we would have it is to invite confusion and peril. The reaction, therefore, even with its unexpected alliance, is not appalling. It would be so if its charges against the Union party of vindictiveness, hatred, stupidity, unconstitutionality, and revolution were true, or even apparently true. But the facts are too well and widely known. The Union party asks of those who have sought to ruin the Government only a reasonable security—asks, indeed, only that they shall have not gained political power by their rebellion. The Union party is thus in no sense demoralized by the extravagance or folly of some of its adherents. Those who leave it, leave because they can not control, or because their immediate interest sophisticates them. And even their going is a gain to the moral force of the party. Doubtless the Democratic party would be stronger if it could be rid of VALLANDIGHAM; and the Union party will not be seriously weakened by the desertion of the delegates to the Philadelphia Convention.

THE RESULT AT PHILADELPHIA.

THE Philadelphia Convention sat for a few hours on three successive days. It served the purpose, which is now plainly acknowledged by its chief organ, of enabling the JOHNSON members of the Union party to join the Democracy. The Convention was ostensibly intended to afford opportunity for consultation and frank expression of opinion between fellow-citizens long alienated. But no expression was permitted. The way in which the managers controlled the proceedings showed that they feared to allow general debate. Every resolution was immediately referred to a committee without discussion, so that there was never any question before the Convention, and no debate was possible. As soon as the assembly was temporarily organized it adjourned for permanent organization, and as soon as permanently organized it adjourned until the managers were ready to report. When the report was read it was instantly adopted—so, also, were the resolutions; and then, under the same urgency of silence, the Convention dissolved. The whole performance has now been pondered by an intelligent people. We do not believe any body is in the least deceived by its purport or result. It leaves every thing exactly where it was. That the old Democrats, like General DIX, had returned to their party fold every body knew; that Messrs. DOOLITTLE and COWAN, and WEED and RAYMOND, and RANDALL and BROWNING had left the Union party and would act with the Democrats in the Congressional elections nobody doubted.

Mr. RAYMOND's address is merely one of his Congressional speeches, to which he has somewhat accustomed us. It contains nothing new, and states nothing old with novel force. It is painful to remark that it assumes the late rebels to be the only citizens of the Southern States, and quietly overlooks the whole body of Southern whites who remained faithful through the war, to whom Mr. LINCOLN intrusted the reorganization of Louisiana and Arkansas, and to five thousand of whom in any State Mr. JOHNSON declared himself willing to confide the Government. Every word of the address convicts the President of the most stupendous usurpation of power. It leaves "My Policy" utterly without constitutional justification, and betrays the absurd inconsistency of denouncing Congress for daring to propose what the President has already done.

The resolutions merely echo the address. They are cordially approved by Mr. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, who holds to the constitutional right of secession. They take the original ground of the Democratic party, and they will be adopted by every Democratic Congressional Convention. If the Philadelphia gentlemen should make separate nominations, it will be with the simple intention of attempting to divide the Union vote in favor of the Democratic candidate. This is the sole practical result of the Philadelphia Convention, and this was obvious from the beginning. For the question of the times before the country does not change. It is whether those citizens at the South who made the war and those at the North who supported it are more likely to settle reconstruction more constitutionally and more wisely for the permanent peace of the Union than those who sustained the war at the North and sympathized with it at the South. It is whether the policy of the Democratic party, based upon a steady and contemptuous denial of the fundamental principle of the Government and illustrated by the late war, into which Mr. SEWARD truly said two years ago it had plunged the country, is more conservative of the rights and interests of the American people than a policy of constitutional equality and justice.

STATE LEGISLATION ON NEW CITY RAILROADS.

IT will be recollected that a Commission was appointed by one body of the last Legislature to report, after examination, to the next on the most feasible plan of a railroad for the travel between the upper and lower portions of the island, a measure which grew out of the annual and embarrassing contest for a railroad in Broadway. The Commissioners have met, and we notice that the day for receiving plans has been postponed to October. In the mean time the Common Council of the city have attempted to forestall any legislative action by disposing of the whole subject in a consent to each of three distinct companies to construct a line of elevated railway commencing at or near the Battery, and extending each by a different route across Harlem River. The streets to be thus occupied consist of the most important in the city—Greenwich Street, Broadway, Pearl Street, the Bowery, Bloomingdale Road, the Third Avenue, and any number of cross streets for lateral branches to and from ferries.

The consent for this purpose was passed by both Boards of the Common Council on the 31st of July, but it has been vetoed by the Mayor, whose veto will come up for consideration at an early day. The supposed authority for this hurried action of the Common Council is the amendment to the General Railroad Act, passed by the Legislature on the 20th of last April, near the close of the session, authorizing "any number of persons not less than ten to form themselves into a Company for constructing, maintaining, and operating a railway for public use, *by means of a propelling rope or cable attached to stationary power.*" Such Company "to have and enjoy all the powers and privileges and be subject to the liabilities mentioned in the aforesaid Act, passed April 2, 1850, so far as the same are comprised in the first 26 sections and the 28th section thereof." On examining these various sections of the General Railway Act which have been adroitly selected, it will be found that they prescribe the means for establishing a corporate body for taking and acquiring land, for using streets and roads, for crossing innavigable streams, and for managing and operating a railroad; but it was "not to authorize the construction of any railroad not already located in, upon, or across any streets in any city without the assent of the corporation of such city."

The Amendatory Act passed last winter provides that "such company may style itself by the name of the inventor or patenter of the particular mode of propulsion used, together with such local designation as the associates may deem desirable, and shall, by such name set forth in their articles of association, have and enjoy" all those powers and privileges—a clause doubtless intended to facilitate the formation of companies in this city out of such official persons as were needed to pass the Act, to give the required consent, and conduct the matter safely through courts of justice. The General Railroad Act required that the names of stockholders should be affixed to articles and recorded in the Secretary of State's office; but the amendment dispenses with this safeguard, and requires no names to be given to the public.

Our Common Council, thus aided in its means for exercising generosity, on the first coming in of a Report in favor of the scheme, and without printing or any deliberation, grant full consent to the three Companies to use most of our important streets for an elevated railway, on both sidewalks—forming of the city a perfect net-work—and instead of specifying names, make the several grants to the West Side and Yonkers Patent Railway Company, the Broadway and Yonkers Patent Railway Company, and the East Side and New Rochelle Patent Railway Company. In the Board of Councilmen, in which the measure originated, it was carried by 17 to 5, and in the Board of Aldermen by 13 to 1, making 30 in favor of the measure, which, divided by three—the number of companies—makes ten persons, being the minimum number required by the Act to form each of these masked corporations.

The public would be glad to know the parties in interest who could stealthily carry such an Act through the same Legislature, the Senate of which supposed it had retained full power over the subject, by appointing a Commission to report at the next session. The proceedings here exhibit evidences of gross recklessness never equaled in our municipal bodies. They purport to be made on the basis of compensation, but the payment of "five per cent. of the *gross earnings* of said railway on the said routes" are to be made quarterly, "less such sum as shall be levied upon the *same earnings* or profits therefrom by State or National, city or county authority," which means that the charges upon the whole shall be deducted from the five per cent., and is therefore a cheat, a feature the injustice of which is apparent from the provision in the Act that the minimum fare may be ten cents.

If these proceedings of the two Boards are lawful—they doubtless assume a very serious aspect—and if they shall be confirmed by an overthrow of the veto, then are we tied hand and foot under an Act of which no one knew any thing but its navigators in the Assembly. But questions of grave import arise under it besides the one presented by the Mayor founded on the well-known Act of 1860. If the Legislature had intended that our city Government should give the consent attempted to be given, authority for the purpose would have been distinctly conferred, which it has not been, and the rule of law that no powers can be exercised by the Corporation but such as are conferred is thus run foul of. That portion of the General Railroad Act above quoted requiring assent gives no authority for granting assent, which authority, when bestowed, will doubtless prescribe the terms—for the protection of the city and property owners—on which assent may be given. Nor can it be justly maintained that such an imposing structure as the consent purports to authorize upon and over our sidewalks with columns fifteen inches in diameter, propped up by other means and against houses, was intended under the language which fixes the mode of operating the road, that is to say, "*by means of a propelling rope or cable attached to stationary power.*" The powers of the General Act ought to be held as being merely subservient to the plan thus described, which certainly does not contemplate what the city Government permits.

The Court of Appeals has decided that individual owners have an interest so remote in our public streets opened under the Act of 1813 that they are not entitled to an award of damages when the trustees of the streets consent lawfully to the use of them for the purposes of a railroad. The consent thus given by the city is an attempt to bring the case in question within this rule of law, and deprive owners of valuable property of awards necessary to compensate for the great damage which such a structure would occasion. As to streets opened before the Act of 1813 the decision does not apply. Still another difficulty presents itself which the carriers of the scheme have overlooked. In 1854 an Act was passed forbidding any consent by Common Councils to the construction of a railroad in any city, "which commences and ends in said city, without the consent thereto of a majority in interest of the owners of property upon the streets in which said railroad is constructed being first had and obtained," which act is still in force. On examination it will be found that no power is conferred in the Act of last winter, or in the General Railroad Act, to bridge the Harlem River, which is thus navigated; and hence the elevated railroad which proposes to cross at the Third Avenue is, in fact, a road commencing and ending in the city of New York. We ask, How can it get beyond the city? It is true that its articles of association call for lines extending across and beyond the Harlem River; but the Gen-

eral Act provides, in § 28, that "nothing in this Act contained shall be construed to authorize the erection of any bridge or any other obstructions across, in, or over any stream or lake navigated by steam or sail-boats at the place where any bridge or other obstructions may be proposed to be placed." The consent of the Corporation is clearly illegal in this view. The power to authorize a bridge over a navigated stream is retained wholly in the Legislature. We can not suppose that a scheme so bald can go into effect, and we look for such steps in our legal tribunals—if it pass over the veto—as will stop this great iniquity.

FALL PROSPECTS IN WALL STREET.

WE are already in the beginning of autumn. Southern buyers throng our markets, and within a week or two Western and Northern buyers will follow them. Pleasure-seekers and business men are returning from their holiday at Saratoga or Long Branch, and are making ready for the serious work of the autumn. From all sides the report comes that the fall trade will be brisk. The South will be a large buyer. New Southern men have loomed up—men whose skirts are free from the disgrace of having taken advantage of the rebellion to repudiate their debts; and in view of the promising prospects of the cotton crop, they are getting all the credit they want. The West will buy largely for cash, but the extraordinary yield of wheat and the good promise for corn and pork will secure a very fair extension of credit to all who need it. On the whole, the prospect is fair for a good fall trade.

Bankers and brokers in Wall Street are asking each other how this will affect business in stocks and gold. And the prevailing opinion is, that a period of renewed activity is about to commence. This opinion is based, first, upon the great ease of money, and the prospect that that ease will not be disturbed; secondly, upon the large earnings of the railways, which are all doing, and likely to continue to do, a brisk business; and, thirdly, upon the general profits of the mercantile community, which always lead to speculation in Wall Street.

Money is likely to be more abundant in Wall Street this coming September than it has ever been. The Government is at last paying off the temporary deposits, and is thus adding nearly $80,000,000 of currency to a market already overstocked. On the other hand, there appears to be no increase in the channels of employment for money. With the exception of the Pacific Railroad and a few lines across Iowa, we are building no new railroads. No new money-consuming enterprises are being started. The West requires some currency, as usual at this season, to move the crops; and the South wants some money to repair the damages of the war, to rebuild ruined towns, bridges, and railways, and to replace implements of agriculture and industry. But this demand proves much lighter than was expected. New York can supply all the money wanted at the South without feeling it. At the West the rate of interest is barely maintained. There is absolutely no use for the vast volume of currency which is being added to our bank reserve by the payment of the deposits; and until the Treasury concludes to lock up currency, either with a view to its cancellation, or simply to relieve redundant markets, there is no prospect of an advance in the rate of interest.

As to the railways, they have thus far this year, on the average, done very well. A few of them continue to be in trouble. The Erie has been compelled to suspend dividends, and will probably drift once more into insolvency; but the trouble with this corporation is, that its managers have been trying, with a capital of $50,000,000, to run an enterprise which requires a capital of $100,000,000. Lines, whose capital is adequate to the work to be done, are generally earning a fair income on their cost, and the circle of believers in railway property as a permanent investment is increasing. Such stocks as those of the Rock Island, Michigan Central, Illinois Central, Chicago and Alton, Fort Wayne, etc., will naturally find permanent resting-places in the course of a few more years; and as they disappear from the speculative list their places will be taken by the stocks of other lines whose value now seems uncertain. There is no reason why the Michigan Southern, Cleveland and Pittsburg, and Chicago and Northwestern should not, with good management, prove ere long as valuable properties as the stocks just mentioned.

The leading feature of Wall Street speculation this year has been the prevalence of clique operations. This has resulted from the vast increase of capital which has lately taken place in Wall Street, and which has been unaccompanied by any corresponding increase in the volume of the stocks dealt in. A few years ago a purchase of 1000 shares of a leading stock was a large operation; now there are half a dozen houses in Wall Street which will undertake, if required, to buy and carry the entire capital stock of a railroad. The late clique in Erie is supposed to have bought 120,000 shares of the stock, representing a capital of $12,000,000, and costing them over $8,000,000 in cash; yet they never seemed to want money. It is this vast increase of capacity on the part of the bankers which has rendered it so fatal this year to sell stocks short. There are parties now formed in Wall Street, with unlimited capital, who do nothing but watch for the creation of a large short interest in an active stock. When they discover such a condition of things they stand ready to buy, and if the Bears are not particularly smart they are sure to be "cornered."

As to gold, opinions vary enough to insure fluctuations. On the one hand, there are many who see no reason why gold should be higher than it was in March last, when it was considered safe to sell it short at 126. If it was put up 25 per cent. by the London panic and the German war, a restoration of confidence in London and peace in Germany ought to put it down. But, on the other hand, the stock of floating gold is so small that a combination of a few powerful houses can take the whole, or nearly the whole, and compel merchants to buy of them, at their price, what they require for duties. Whether the Government ought or ought not to sell its gold, is another moot question. Some say that if Government ever intends to resume specie payments, it can only do so by keeping a large reserve, and therefore that it should not sell a dollar. Others, on the contrary, argue that if Government hoards the gold received for customs it will be playing into the hands of the Gold Room clique, and enabling them to corner the merchants. With all these divergent views prevailing, we are likely to witness lively fluctuations in gold this fall.

DEMOCRATIC VIEWS OF SOUTHERN UNIONISTS.

THE Union men of the South who were *not* rebels will hold their Philadelphia Convention on the 3d of September. The real restoration of the Union depends mainly upon the triumph of sound Union principles in the late rebel States. It is the public opinion of that part of the country which most needs reform, and that can be most radically effected by national organization and co-operation. We are very glad, therefore, that Governor FENTON has requested the Senators of New York to express to that Convention the sympathy of the Union men of this State. The key-note of the Convention will doubtless be, the Constitutional rights of the citizen the paramount object of government. And the men who will urge this view are of all men in the country empowered by the most fearful experience to bear their testimony. Their heroism under the long and sharp tortures of every kind inflicted by the rebels during the war are familiar to all of us in public and private narrations. They were literally tried by fire and flood, and were not found wanting. To these men during the war Mr. LINCOLN was willing to trust the reorganization of their States. For them Mr. EVERETT spent his latest and noblest efforts, and with them every generous and loyal heart beat in fraternal sympathy. The voice and testimony of such men are invaluable, although the Convention to which Mr. VALLANDIGHAM's right as a member was not disputed by his fellow State delegates who were admitted had no wish and could find no place for them. Is not the cooperation of such men essential to a truly safe and intelligent reconstruction?

Their credentials to every patriotic man are found in the ribald abuse of such journals as the New York *World*, a Democratic paper which steadily sympathized with the rebellion that persecuted these men, which incited the bloody New York riots of 1863, and which, while ANDREW JOHNSON bravely withstood rebellion and was therefore honored by the Union party, poured out upon him a continuous torrent of filthy vituperation. The *World* informs us that these gentlemen are "sneaks and mean whites of the South;" and adds, that "History furnishes no parallel to the meanness, cowardice, and treachery of the men who want the Convention on the 3d of September." These epithets are flung at loyal citizens of the United States because in a fiery whirlpool of rebellion they clung steadfastly to the Government. Their "treachery" was disloyalty to JEFFERSON DAVIS. Their "meanness" was in carrying supplies to the Union victims at Andersonville. Their "cowardice" was defiance of the rebels who outlawed and hunted them, desolated their homes, confiscated their fortunes, while their more unfortunate companions were drowned, or hung, or shot before the very eyes of their wives and children. American citizens who have thus suffered for the Union are intolerable to the New York *World*. In its eyes only the Southern slanderers and slayers of Union men are noble and generous and heroic. In its opinion JEFFERSON DAVIS is a lofty-souled and unfortunate statesman, wickedly imprisoned by malicious enemies; ROBERT E. LEE is "a Christian soldier and gentleman," but the unnamed, poor man, who far in the silent interior of Texas or Mississippi or Louisiana defied DAVIS and LEE, and driven from his home and hunted by savage men, hid in swamps and woods, shot at night like a dog, or slowly dying by starvation and exposure, but never doubting, never asking to buy an hour of life by the betrayal of the cause for which his Northern brothers were dying at Shiloh, at Fredericksburg, at Chickamauga, in the Wilderness—he, says this fit organ of a "Democracy" which sneers at DOSTIE because he was a barber and a dentist, he is a cowardly, treacherous sneak and mean white.

If, as is right and necessary, those at the South who sustained the rebellion are to advise upon the question of restoration, how much more important is the counsel of those whose only hope of future security in their homes depends upon the guarantee of the Government that they shall not suffer because they did not betray it. As the Southern delegates to the late Convention in Philadelphia told us nothing, doubtless those to the September Convention will have something to say to which it will be well for the country to listen.

AN OPTICAL ILLUSION.

IF an impromptu touch of melodrama could at once reconcile radical differences, the business of human life would be much facilitated. Or if, when a country has been divided by a long and fierce civil war springing from hostile views of society and government, an enthusiastic vow of friendship and three times three cheers for Christian charity and sacred fraternity could change human nature, there would probably be no civil wars to compose. But, unluckily, sentimentality can not take the place of statesmanship, nor fine phrases secure a peace which can be established only upon intelligent principles. The gentle eyes, therefore, which oozed tears of exulting joy when they beheld Massachusetts and South Carolina entering the Philadelphia Convention together, and thought that they saw peace and the millennium visibly descending, were sadly deceived. For they did not behold Massachusetts and South Carolina: they saw only South Carolina and General COUCH.

The incident was perfectly but involuntarily illustrative of the whole Philadelphia comedy. The object professedly sought by that assembly was union. But union to be permanent and effective must be real, not formal nor merely literal. We have had some experience of nominal unions, and they end in civil war. The work of reunion before us is a very difficult and earnest one; but the most evident point of it is, that it is to secure a union of other tendencies and another spirit than the union in which equal rights before the law were denied to citizens of the United States. There will be a great deal of hedging and shirking and shrinking and protesting, but that is the union which is to be achieved; and as the South Carolina doctrine of inequality and special privilege controlled the old union, so the Massachusetts doctrine of equal rights is to control the new. If, therefore, South Carolina and Massachusetts had been seen really entering the Convention together, it would have been in the persons of those who represent the new and not the old spirit of the union.

As it was, all that was visible was Governor ORR, who truly represents South Carolina, and General COUCH, who does not in the least represent Massachusetts. It was merely a repetition of the stale old spectacle of the clever Southern politician arm in arm with his Northern vassal. South Carolina denounces and repudiates equal rights as much as ever, and such Northern gentlemen as General COUCH acquiesce. Does any body suppose that union and peace can spring from perpetual injustice. Postmaster-General RANDALL knew perfectly well that Massachusetts could enter his Convention only in the person of a man like JOHN A. ANDREW. If he staid away Massachusetts was not there. Governor COUCH, or Judge ABBOTT, or Judge CURTIS, or Mr. ROBERT C. WINTHROP, or Mr. ISAAC DAVIS, are merely South Carolina in Massachusetts.

Slavery being abolished and forcible secession defeated, South Carolina wisely changes her tactics, but not her spirit or purpose. She is still anti-republican; she is still un-American, and although she is not therefore to be outlawed, nor the individual sincerity of her citizens to be questioned, she is still to be withstood as an influence, and her spirit by all fair and Constitutional means is to be removed from the Union. She is to be opposed in Massachusetts and Wisconsin as much as in her own limits, and as the Philadelphia Convention, under a variety of fine names, was simply an assembly to reorganize a party upon the South Carolina policy of unequal rights, which brought us into war, the people in every part of the country who hold to the Massachusetts policy of equal rights did not attend. The Convention applauded and wept over an optical illusion. It was not Massachusetts and South Carolina that came in. There were two forms indeed, but it was only South Carolina in substance and in shadow.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

PHILADELPHIA CONVENTION—DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES.

THE National Union Convention, now assembled in the city of Philadelphia, composed of delegates from every State and Territory in the Union, admonished by the solemn lessons which for the last five years it has pleased the Supreme Ruler of the Universe to give to the American people; profoundly grateful for the return of peace; desirous, as a large majority of their countrymen, in all sincerity, to forget and forgive the past; revering the Constitution as it comes to us from our ancestors; regarding the Union, in its restoration, as more sacred than ever; looking with deep anxiety into the future as of instant and continuing trial, hereby issue and proclaim the following declaration of principles and purposes upon which they have with perfect unanimity agreed:

First—We hail with gratitude to Almighty God the end of war and the return of peace to an afflicted and beloved land.

Second—The war just closed has maintained the authority of the Constitution, with all the powers which it confers and all the restrictions which it imposes upon the General Government, unabridged and unaltered, and it has preserved the Union with the equal rights, dignity, and authority of the States perfect and unimpaired.

Third—Representation in the Congress of the United States and in the Electoral College is a right recognized by the Constitution as abiding in every State and as a duty imposed upon its people, fundamental in its nature and essential to the exercise of our Republican institutions; and neither Congress nor the General Government has any authority or power to deny this right to any, or withhold its enjoyment, under the Constitution, from the people thereof.

Fourth—We call upon the people of the United States to elect to Congress as members thereof none but men who admit this fundamental right of representation, and who will receive to seats their loyal representatives from every State in allegiance to the United States, subject to the constitutional right of each House to judge of the election returns and qualifications of its own members.

Fifth—The Constitution of the United States, and the laws made in pursuance thereof, are the supreme laws of the land, any thing in the Constitution or laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding. All the powers not conferred by the Constitution upon the General Government nor prohibited by it to the States are reserved to the States or the people thereof; and among the rights thus reserved to the States is the right to prescribe qualifications for the elective franchise therein, which right Congress can not interfere with. No State or convention of States has the right to withdraw from the Union, or to exclude, through their action in Congress or otherwise, any State or States from the Union. The union of these States is perpetual.

Sixth—Such amendments to the Constitution of the United States may be made by the people thereof as they may deem expedient, but only in the mode pointed out by its resolution, and proposing such amendments, whether by Congress or by a convention, and in ratifying the same, all the States of the Union have an equal and an indefeasible right to a voice and vote thereon.

Seventh—Slavery is abolished and forever prohibited, and there is neither desire nor purpose on the part of the Southern States that it should ever be re-established upon the soil or within the jurisdiction of the United States, and the enfranchised slaves in all the States of the Union should receive, in common with all their inhabitants, equal protection in every right of person and property.

Eighth—While we regard as utterly invalid and never to be assumed or made of binding force any obligation incurred or undertaken in making war against the United States, we hold the debt of the nation to be sacred and inviolable, and we proclaim our purpose in discharging this, as in performing all other national obligations, to maintain unimpaired and unimpeached the honor and the faith of the Republic.

Ninth—It is the duty of the National Government to recognize the services of the Federal soldiers and sailors in the contest just closed, by meeting promptly and fully all their just and rightful claims for the services they have rendered the nation, and by extending to those of them who have survived, and to the widows and orphans of those who have fallen, the most generous and considerate care.

Tenth—In ANDREW JOHNSON, President of the United States, who in his great office has proved steadfast in his devotion to the Constitution, the laws, and interests of his country, unmoved by persecutions and undeserved reproach, having faith immeasurable in the people and the principles of the Government, we recognize a Chief Magistrate worthy of the nation and equal to the great crisis upon which his lot is cast, and we tender to him in the discharge of his high and responsible duties our profound respect, and assurance of our cordial and sincere support.

MAXIMILIAN'S BLOCKADE.

On August 17 President Johnson issued a proclamation declaring the blockade instituted by Maximilian at Matamoras and other Mexican ports (July 9) inefficient, and therefore to be held by the United States to be "absolutely null and void."

THROCKMORTON'S INAUGURAL.

Governor Throckmorton of Texas delivered a very sensible inaugural on the 9th of August. With proper conduct on the part of the South he did not despair of receiving liberal and generous treatment from the North. The hearts of the Southern people had been deeply touched by Johnson's generous policy. He thought the day was not far distant when the blacks would recognize as their truest friends those with whom they had sported in childhood. The duty of all now was to labor for the restoration of peace and harmony.

THE BUFFALO HORSE FAIR.

At the great horse-races in Buffalo, August 16, there were 20,000 people present. Our readers will remember that in No. 461 of the *Weekly* we gave an illustration of Dexter, the fastest horse in the world. At Buffalo this year Dexter ran against George Patchen, the celebrated California stallion, and the Ralls Gold Dust, a famous Kentucky horse. Dexter won the race in three straight heats; time, 2.25. Patchen was second. Last year Dexter made a mile in 2.19. On August 18, at Buffalo, Dexter made a mile in 2.18.

NEWS ITEMS.

Bernard Friery was executed at the Tombs in this city August 17 for the murder, in January, 1865, of Henry Lazarus.

Queen Emma was presented to President Johnson on the evening of August 14. His Excellency made a happy speech, which was received by the Queen with gracious courtesy. She has since visited the tomb of Washington.

At Cincinnati, Chicago, and St. Louis, the cholera has become a formidable epidemic. In New York city it has almost disappeared.

By official proclamation, on the 20th of August, President Johnson declared the insurrection in Texas at an end.

The number of deaths in this city last week was 748, of which 145 were from cholera. This is 198 less than the previous week, and an increase of 131 on the number recorded in the corresponding week of last year.

FOREIGN NEWS.

BY TELEGRAPH.

August 15:

It is announced to-day that the plans for the confederation of the British Provinces of North America have been definitely arranged by the Government.

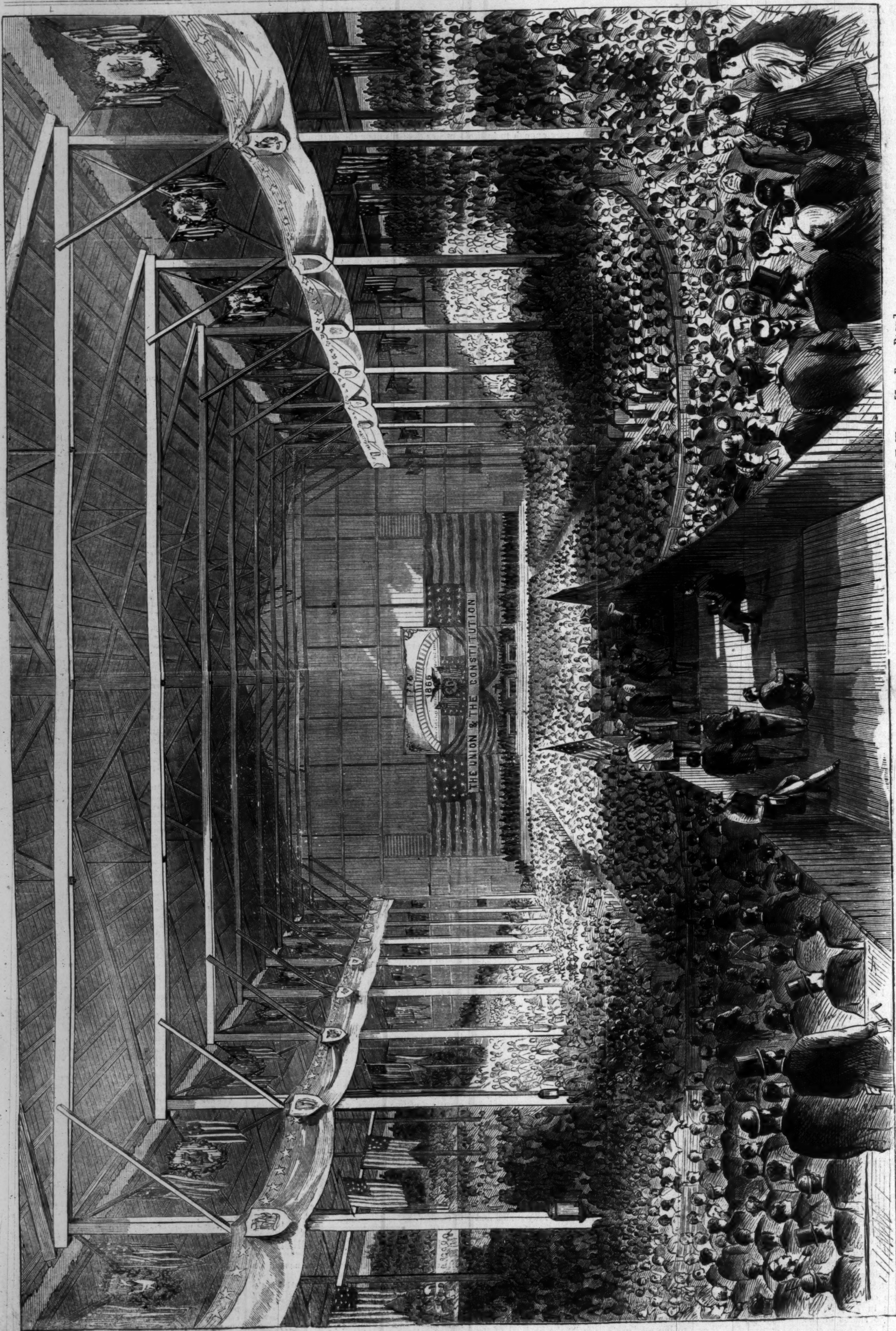
August 16:

It is officially stated to-day that the French Government has receded from its demand made upon Prussia for an extension of frontier to the Rhine.

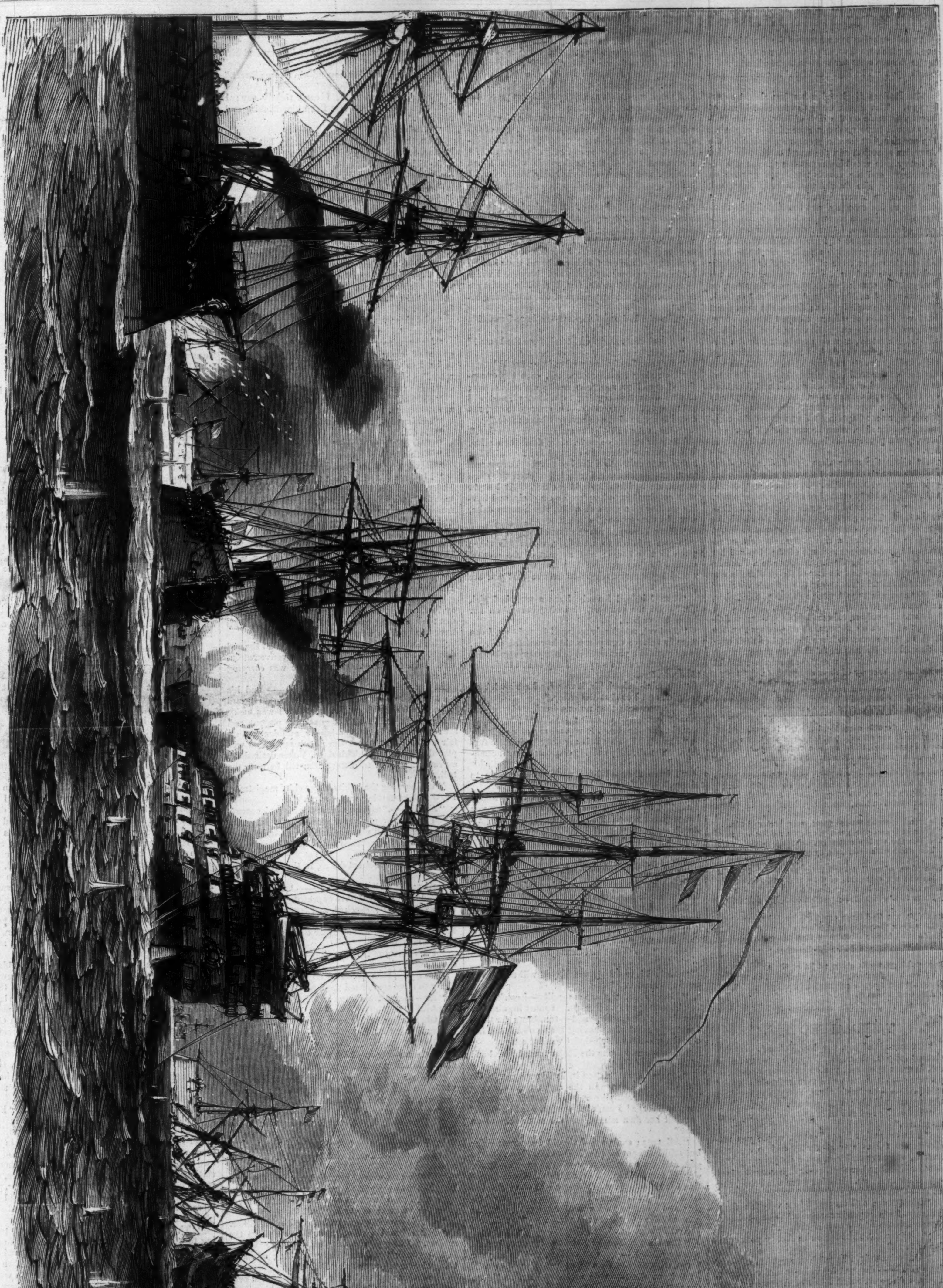
The hope is also expressed by the official journal—the *Moniteur*—that Prussia will not extend her projects of annexation to the German States south of the Maine.

August 18:

A bill is under discussion in the Prussian Chambers relative to the annexation to Prussia of Hanover, Hesse, Nassau, and the City of Frankfort. The Emperor Napoleon is reported to deny having entertained any design of annexing Belgian territory to France. The Peace Congress is in session at Prague, and negotiations are making favorable progress.



MEETING OF THE NATIONAL UNION CONVENTION AT PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 14, 1866.—SKETCHED BY C. H. WELLS.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]



THE NAVAL BATTLE BETWEEN THE AUSTRIAN AND ITALIAN FLEETS OF LISSA, IN THE ADRIATIC.—[See Page 550.]

THE NAVAL FIGHT AT LISSA.

As a description to accompany the graphic illustration which we give on page 549, we could do no better than to refer our readers to the editorial comments upon "The Fight at Lissa" in our last Number.

The Italians displayed a heroism almost superhuman. The attack upon the fortified island of Lissa was made on the 18th of July, and the Italians would have no doubt succeeded in capturing the position, but for the prompt appearance of the Austrian squadron and the naval defeat following. A heavy gale was blowing at the time of the engagement, and the vessels were used as rams on either side. The *Re d' Italia*, built in New York for the Italian Government, but plated in Italy, according to the accounts, was the flag-ship of PERSANO, but for some reason he left it at the beginning of the action. The Austrian Admiral upon the *Kaiser*, unaware of PERSANO's movement, directed his overpowering assault against the *Re d' Italia*. Three or more of the Austrian iron-clads, belching fire and iron, came crushing on to the Italian ship, struck her furiously on the prow, on the stern, and amidships, and stove her to pieces. The huge ship rapidly sank; but as she went down half a battalion of soldiers climbed into the tops, and, while holding on by the ropes, shouldered their rifles deliberately, as if on parade, and fired a terrible volley upon the deck of the nearest Austrian ship, killing twenty and wounding sixty. It was their fierce farewell. The next moment the roaring gulf closed over the *Re d' Italia* and four hundred of her gallant company. A private letter is quoted by the correspondent of the New York *Times*, which says that Captain FRA DI BRUNO, the commander of the ship, when he saw that there was no hope, put a pistol to his head and went down with her.

At about the same time the Italian gun-boat *Palestro* was so overpoweringly attacked that her capture seemed inevitable. The Captain, CAPPELLINI, called a hasty council of his officers and crew, and they resolved to blow up the vessel rather than surrender. Then gayly hanging the ship with the flag of Italy, and cheering for King and Country, the fuse was lighted, and in a moment nothing remained but floating fragments of the ship and her company of two hundred. A letter to a Florence paper says that when the fate of the *Re d' Italia* was evident Admiral PERSANO in the *Affondatore* drove full steam against the Austrian flag-ship, the *Kaiser*, and sank her to revenge his own loss.

It was the only naval conflict in the war; and although at Lissa on the sea, as at Custozza on the land, victory seems to have inclined to their enemies, still the Italians will find in the remembrance of this naval conflict much occasion for national pride in the bravery of their compatriots.

TWO CHARACTERS.

SEE there! for this man, too, life's toil is over;
His words are all said out, his deeds are done:
For this man, too, there comes a rest, however
Unquiet passed his time beneath the sun.

You said what seemed you best: your life's poor fountain
Just bubbled, while his soared or shuddered down;
You chid him as a tired boy chides a mountain;
You frowned on him, and thought God too must frown.

His worst thought was so great, your best so little,
Your best and worst not yours, his all his own;
You ran the world's safe way, he dared to thwart it;
You stood with thousands by you, he alone.

Wherefore, when God shall judge the world, I take it
He will not mete this man by rule and line,
Who felt no common thirst, nor feared to slake it
From that which flowed within him, the Divine.

Or think you God loves our tame leveled acres
More than the proud head of some heaven-kissed hill;
Man's straight-dug ditch, more than his own free river,
That wanders, He regarding, where it will?

Enough—high words abate no jot or tittle
Of what, while man still lasts, shall still be true:
Heaven's great ones must be slandered by Earth's little,
And God makes no ado.

TRIED AFFECTION.

"I HAVE asked you, my dear Vokes (a very celebrated Irish magistrate thirty years ago) to call on me, in order to consult you on an affair of some importance—at least, as far as my family circle goes," said L. D—— to the chief magistrate, as that functionary entered his counting-house.

"Indeed! If I can be of any service, pray command me."

"You remember Mary Toovey, whom you recommended me as a trust-worthy girl to assist in looking after my children, some six years ago?"

"I remember her well. Her father was an honest fellow in Adare. His daughter was brought up at P——'s Sunday-school."

"Most true; and until within a very few days, I always looked upon her as one of the best-behaved young women I have ever met with."

"And you have had reason to change your opinion of her?"

"Unfortunately, I have. You must know"—and here L. D—— dropped his voice—"unfortunately, I say, I discovered that I had been systematically robbed of a series of small sums, and, watching closely afterward, I still perceived that these pilferings unhappily continued. It could only be some one under my roof that thus abstracted small sums; and as I have a stable-boy of somewhat loose habits, I at once suspected him, and accordingly I marked some pieces of silver, and placed them, with two or three one-pound notes, in my drawer, leaving my keys, as if by accident, on the table.

"Having thus laid my plans to entrap the thief, I went out to dinner, and returned too late to make any search that night.

"On the following morning I went to the place where I had deposited the cash, and here, to my great horror, I found that a bank-note and three half-crowns were missing.

"Without telling them why I summoned them, I called up my servants, and, having locked the door, stated to them what had occurred, and called on the pilferer to confess the crime, and thus earn pardon. None, however, admitted the alleged guilt, and I now, with their cheerful permission, proceeded to search them.

"Imagine, my dear Vokes, my horror when, after vainly searching the servant-man and some of the females, I turned to your *protégée*, and having ordered her to display the contents of her pockets, I discovered two of the half-crowns which I had marked, and could now distinctly swear to. I called upon Mary to explain this strange circumstance. I eagerly demanded to know how she had become possessed of them. But, alas! all in vain. She was dreadfully agitated, and was only relieved from a fit of fainting by a copious flood of tears which came to her relief. She is now down stairs, in charge of a policeman. I wished, if possible, to avoid the pain of sending her, whom I have known for so many years, to prison; and therefore I wrote to ask you to call on me, and, if possible, assist me in discovering the particulars of this distressing affair."

"Has she had any followers—male or female?"

"None."

"Has she ever absented herself from the house?"

"Never."

"Do your family know what has passed?"

"No; they are all at Kilrush, with the exception of my eldest son, who assists me in business; and he went last evening to Waterford, and will not return till four o'clock. So, strange to say, not a soul is aware of the discovery I have made."

"Call in the girl—let us examine her together."

The poor culprit came in, more dead than alive. When she saw Vokes she covered her face with her hands and burst into a flood of tears. For several moments she was so convulsed that even the stern magistrate hesitated to address her. At length, after causing her to be placed on a chair, and having swallowed a glass of water, she became calm, when he thus spoke:

"Mary Toovey, I am summoned here to interrogate you relative to a robbery, which has taken place in this house; and as part of the money, marked for the purpose of detection, was found upon you, I have every reason to believe that you are guilty."

"I am! indeed I am! I am a wretched girl, Sir," cried the prisoner, throwing herself on her knees before him.

"And yet, religiously and well brought up, I can scarcely believe that you could have acted so base, so ungrateful a part as thus to rob your employers. I would rather have suspected any one in the house than you."

"Oh, Sir! indeed, Sir, it was I. I am a wicked, bad girl, and I confess the crime."

"Are you sure that no one instigated you—no one advised you to commit this robbery?"

"No, Sir—no one. It was all my own doing."

"And still I think it is my duty to inquire further. I will, if possible, discover your accomplices."

"I have none—I have none. I alone am to blame."

The worthy merchant now chimed in: "Mary, I am told by Michael, the groom, that he saw you two nights ago talking to a strange man in the garden."

"It's false—it's false!"

"Have you mentioned this to any one?" asked Vokes of L. D——.

"To no one."

Vokes again turned to the girl. "Are you still determined to admit your guilt?"

She had now recovered her calmness, and answered, firmly, "I am!"

"Do you know the consequences? Do you know that, if found guilty, you will receive a fearful punishment?"

"I do."

"And still, to save yourself, you will not betray your accomplices?"

"I have none. I alone am guilty—I confess it."

"Take her away, sergeant. I must inquire further into this matter," and—trembling far less, seemingly relieved at having thus unburdened her conscience—the wretched girl was led away.

When she was gone the Major turned round and addressed his friend.

"If you do not insist on it, I will not commit this girl till to-morrow. In the mean time we may discover her accomplices. It's very strange—very! But, by George! I can't believe Mary to be guilty."

"But her own admission—the money found on her?"

"All true; such proof should be convincing; but still I am not satisfied. Do me a favor. Come you, and your son, to dine with me to-day at six o'clock, and we'll talk it over; but mind, don't mention the circumstance to a single soul on earth—not even to your own son. Don't write it to your family; and if any one asks you for Mary, say she has gone to Adare to see her friends. Pray do this, and you will oblige me."

"Certainly you make a strange request; but I'll strictly attend to your directions, and be at your house, with my son George, at six. Perhaps it will be better;—for my wife and daughter, and even George, who is generally very distant and haughty, is very partial to this girl. I can assure you, Major, we have treated her rather as our child than our servant, which makes her conduct the more detestable."

"True for you; but now adieu! Remember—six and silence." And off went the police functionary toward his office.

On arriving there, he called for Macdonald, a young policeman whom he often intrusted as a messenger.

"You took a note for me to young Mr. D——, some evenings ago, relative to lending him a hunter?"

"Is it Mr. George you mean?"

"I do."

"Well, Sir, I delivered it to him, and he said there was no answer."

"I am aware of that. Where did you find Mr. George?"

"In the billiard-room beyond—in George Street."

"And what was he about?"

"Well, your worship, I can't rightly say; I didn't much observe. But I saw him drinking and smoking."

"Was he betting?"

"Ah, then, Major, I can't say surely; but I think he was, for one of the young officers from the barracks called out and said, 'You've lost, George;' and so I suppose he was, your worship."

"That will do," said Vokes, and then proceeded to try one or two cases of drunkenness and riot which were brought before him for judgment. Presently he got up, and, putting on his hat, he strolled leisurely up George Street.

On arriving in front of Mr. S——'s shop—at once a place for refreshment, the supply of tobacco and punch, with a billiard-room attached—he turned in, and after partaking of a sandwich, he carelessly asked the female who was at that instant serving behind the counter, whether Mr. G. D—— had been in lately.

"Not since yesterday morning."

"What did he call for then?"

"He came to get some cigars, as he was about to go out of town; and he left a pound-note with me to hand to Captain D——, that he had lost on the races."

"Have you got that pound-note?"

"No, Sir," replied the girl, who seemed startled at the inquiry.

"Did he pay for the cigars?"

"He did."

"How did he pay you?"

"With a half-crown piece."

"Have you got that half-crown?"

"I believe it's still in the tobacco-till. I hope, Major, it's not a bad one; it may bring me into trouble." And fearful of being mixed up with the transaction, she examined the till with anxious care, and at length triumphantly pulled out the piece of money in question. "Here it is, Sir; sure I didn't know it was bad, and I'm sure Mr. George didn't. Here it is." And she handed it to Vokes, who, after peering at it with great curiosity, put it into his pocket, and then throwing down two shillings and a sixpence, carelessly said,

"Don't you see, I suspect there's some bad money in Limerick, so I'll take away this piece. But don't tell a living soul what I've done, or faith I'll have you up for a witness."

This threat was quite sufficient to render the girl dumb. So Vokes, without further conversation, walked up to his cottage, where he was carrying out some improvements.

At six o'clock precisely, Mr. L. D—— and his son arrived in George Street, and shortly afterward partook of an excellent dinner, which I was lucky enough to share. No other guest was present, and all appeared in high good-humor, and drank their fair fill of claret before the punch apparatus was placed on the table. This done, Vokes desired the servant not again to disturb him till he rang the bell.

Well knowing the habits of the chief magistrate, I saw that something was coming.

"Mr. D——," said he, addressing his senior guest, "you have now my permission—nay, I may add, my request, to tell your son and my son-in-law here of the dreadful occurrence which has taken place in your family."

The worthy merchant did so, in the fairest manner.

During the recital George D—— appeared more agitated than I should have expected. He evidently was dreadfully shocked, and seemed to bear a true affection—more than an ordinary affection—for the poor girl; and as his father concluded, he violently exclaimed,

"I am sure she is not guilty—I'll stake my life she is not!"

"Can you, then, point to any other person as likely to have committed these robberies?"

"Me—me! certainly not! What should I know about it?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing; only you are wrong thus to acquit Mary without proof."

"But I have proof. Her established good character, the manner in which she has always proved her worth and respectability—"

"Are strong, I allow, but, in face of her own admission and the evidence against her, will avail her but little. She will be convicted."

"Oh, don't say so!"

"Unless, indeed, you can give us any clew to the real thief."

Poor George seemed dreadfully agitated. He was evidently fond of the unhappy girl. He suddenly asked:

"Is there no way of getting her off? Can you not aid her to escape? My father shall pay all expenses. But to convict poor Mary would forever stain the character of our family."

"I can't see that, George," chimed in his father.

"Nor I," said Vokes; "but let us change the subject. I hear you lost at the late races?"

The young man, seemingly thinking of something else, merely uttered, "Did I?"

The father appeared astounded; for he had ever considered George to be far too rigid in his principles thus to have gambled on the turf.

"You did," went on Vokes. "Betsy, at Goggins's, gave the pound-note you left for Captain D——."

The detected sportsman was now all attention; his agitation was really frightful.

"Ah, you seem surprised at my knowledge. I'll tell you more. You bought some cigars at the same time, and paid for them with this half-crown—a half-crown strongly marked," added Vokes, as he partly produced it, but carefully shrouded it with his hand.

"What's that you say?" said L. D——.

"Nothing, nothing at all. But see, your son is not very well. He has probably over-excited himself. I'll take him into my dressing-room, administer some restorative essence, and he'll soon be well. Nay, you must not come—you will only do harm. See, he waves you off. Come, George, you'll be better presently; come along." And he led the poor sufferer off.

I need scarcely tell you that during the absence of his son and his friend L. D—— spoke but little. He adored his son, and thus to see him strangely attacked completely paralyzed the old man. Five minutes elapsed—ten minutes elapsed—and the anxious parent would fain have sought his child; but I gently detained him.

In about twenty minutes Vokes again appeared, followed by George, who, though still pale, seemed to have recovered his strength, and, in answer to his near relative's inquiries, assured him that "It was nothing. It had now quite passed away."

For about five minutes a gloom—a painful silence—hung over us all. This was abruptly broken by Vokes.

"George and I have discovered the pilferer, Mr. D——, and I will be guarantee that you are never so robbed again."

"Was it Mary Toovey?"

"Decidedly not!"

"Who was it, then?"

"That you will never know. It is sufficient to say he has been punished, and you are safe for the future."

"But why, then, did the girl admit it?"

"She best knows."

"I shall closely cross-question her when I go home."

"Then, indeed, you will not; for she is now several miles on her way to Dublin, where, well knowing her innocence, I have sent her to live with a sister of mine. You will see her no more!"

"This is very mysterious!"

"And so let it remain; make any fuss about it, and the punishment of your garrulity will fall heavily on you. Let me beseech you never again to allude to it; make what excuse you like for Mary's absence, but never hint at your first unjust suspicions."

"Unjust!"

"By Heaven, they were! Harry, pass the hot water. We'll never allude to this subject again."

If L. D—— did not *read* the case aright he was indeed a happy man.

L. D—— has been gathered to his fathers. His son George, who settled in Dublin, married twelve months after his death a certain Mary Toovey—a girl who, I believe, would willingly have given her life for him.

HOW I GOT MY VICTORIA CROSS.

"You want to hear how I managed to get the V. C., do you, old fellow? Well, send over to the Buttery for another tankard of beer, and I will tell you all about it; it's dry work talking, and your Brasenose malt is perfection.

"Now for my story:

"It was near the close of a glorious summer day in the plains of India, if you know what *that* means; the sun had just gone down blood-red in a cloudless sky, the thermometer stood at 110 degrees in my tent, and not a breath of air was stirring. I had only just returned to camp after a pretty hard day's work, and had fallen asleep on my cot, booted and spurred as I came in. I had at that time, as you may remember, the command of a body of Sikh horse which I had raised myself, and was, moreover, Acting-Deputy Quarter-master-General, and Head of the Intelligence Department to the Cis-Nurbudda Movable Column under Major-General Sir George Percy, K.C.B., so had work enough on my hands. On this day I had been in the saddle from daybreak till late in the afternoon, scouring the country for miles in advance of the column, and had wound up by a hard gallop of half a dozen miles with a troop of mutineer Sowars at my heels. Imagine my disgust at being roused up by a big black-bearded Sikh orderly, with, 'Sahib, the general sahib wishes to see you immediately in his tent.' I jumped up, soused my head in the big brass basin which we Indians carry with us every where, pulled on my blue *Meersai*,* and rushed off to the General's tent, not in the best of humors. As soon as I entered, however, I saw there was something serious the matter, and I had not been routed out for nothing. The General was seated at his camp-table looking very grave, and with an open letter in his hand. By his side were Colonel A——, second in command to J——, his Adjutant-General. Sir George handed me the letter as I came in. 'Read this, Llantaine; it has just been brought in by a disguised Sepoy from Shahrānpore.' It was from Major L——, who had long been beleaguered in that place with the officers, women, and children of his own regiment and a few fugitives from neighboring stations. It was written in Greek characters, and ran as follows: 'Only twenty men fit for duty, provisions very short; we can not possibly hold out more than five days longer.' Few words and simple, but full of awful meaning.

"'The difficulty is this,' said the General, turning to Colonel A——, 'Shahrānpore is, you know, only some thirty miles to the eastward, and we might reach it in time to save them, but then we must leave Bharaghur to itself for at least a week, and I don't know in what state they are there, or how long they can hold out; the number of Europeans there is three times as great as at Shahrānpore, and they have a large treasury and magazine in the fort. Llantaine has sent six spies at different times with letters to Bharaghur; the two first came back with their ears and noses strung round their necks, and the others never came back at all. All our information goes to show that the enemy are in great force round the place. I dare not divide our small force; if we march to relieve Shahrānpore, we risk losing Bharaghur, and as this letter shows, if we attempt to relieve Bharaghur, Shahrānpore must fall into the enemy's hands, and there

* Loose tunic much worn by Indian officers on service.

will be Cawnpore over again. What do you advise, A——?'

"The Colonel's face worked strangely, and when at last he answered, it was in a thick, husky voice.

"'My wife and children are at Shahrânpore, General, but the safety of Bharaghur must not be risked.'

"There was silence for some minutes, and as we looked at each other, our faces gathered blackness.

"'By God!' exclaimed Sir George, 'this is a fearful position to be in. I'd give a year's pay to know how things really are at Bharaghur.'

"By this time my mind was made up.

"'All right, General, write a check, and give me till noon to-morrow, and if I'm in luck you shall have the information you require.'

"'What do you mean, Llantaine? You won't get any one to go to Bharaghur after the way your poor devils of spies were treated.'

"'I don't want any one to try, General; if the thing is to be done at all, I must do it myself. It's only twenty miles from here to Bharaghur as the crow flies, and I know every inch of the country, as I had charge of this district for two years before the row began.'

"'Nonsense, Llantaine, you'll get cut to pieces as sure as fate, and do no good either. We must think of some other plan.'

"'He either fears his fate too much, General—you know the rest. If the niggers are to have my scalp, they may as well take it now as a year hence. Any how, I'll risk it.'

"There was a little more discussion, but as no better plan could be hit on, I carried my point and left the tent, to make my arrangements. Colonel A—— followed me out.

"'God bless you, Llantaine, and bring you safe back,' said he, wringing my hand: and as I looked at him I saw the tears standing in his eyes. It took me rather aback, for the old fellow was no great friend of mine, and was a regular Tartar to boot.

"'All right, Colonel, never say die. I shall live to plague you yet, I hope.'

"I sent at once for my Rissaldar,* and in five minutes he was in my tent.

"'I am going for a ride to-night, Shere Singh, let your son with Bulwunt Singh, Hurry Singh, and four other good men be ready in an hour, and look you, see that they are well mounted, and their arms in good order.'

"'They are always ready for work, sahib,' said the old Sikh, as he saluted and went out.

"I slept like a top for nearly an hour, and awoke feeling game for any thing. Tattoo was beating as I rode off with my small party, and the moon did not rise till nearly midnight, so we had good three hours of darkness before us. For the first ten miles we rode hard along the high-road which crossed a large barren plain, destitute alike of villages and trees, and here I knew we were not likely to come across any of the enemy; but after that the country became cultivated and thickly peopled, and we were obliged to make our way as best we could, skirting villages, feeling our way through large topes,† in many of which we saw fires burning, and not a few horses picketed. It was evident enough that the rebels were strong in cavalry, and had scattered them well over the country between us and their camp.

"At last we arrived, without any adventures, within half a mile of Bharaghur. The enemy were apparently in very strong force all round the Fort, and their watch-fires were blazing in every direction. It was manifestly unsafe for us to go on any further, so I halted my men in a dense patch of jungle, with strict orders not to move on any account unless discovered and attacked, until my return, unless, indeed, I were absent more than three hours, in which case they were to make the best of their way back to camp. I left my horse, of course, with them, and stripped, keeping on only a waist-cloth, in which I stuck my revolver, and stole off, sabre in hand, toward the north face of the Fort opposite to which we were, as I knew that the only entrance was on that side. Favored by the darkness I crept along under cover of mounds and bushes, until I gained the northeast angle of the ditch; the entrance to the Fort was nearly at the other end of this face, but I could not get opposite to it, as the Sepoys had a strong picket there, and their sentries were pacing up and down to within a few yards of where I was. Here, then, it became necessary for me to take to the water. Crouching beneath a bush, I took off my sword and left it there, but kept my 'colt' on, as I knew from experience that it would stand any amount of wet. Now I was all ready, and had nothing to do but to get into the moat; but somehow I was rather backward in going forward; and the water looked horribly black and ugly, and by no means inviting. I knew that crocodiles were as thick as thieves there, and it now occurred to me for the first time how extremely probable it was that one of them might take a fancy to me. Never before had I fully appreciated the deep wisdom of old Falstaff's reflections on honor—honor pricked me on, sure enough, but would it pull me through if one of the scaly gentlemen down below should lay hold of my leg? The idea was by no means pleasant, and I must admit that I funked horribly. But it was now too late to draw back, and the more I looked at the water the less I liked it; so at last, with something between a curse and a prayer, I dropped quietly in. Ugh! how fearfully cold it felt, though the night was warm enough. I am a tolerably good swimmer, and struck out manfully, but I seemed to be crawling through the water 'Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte' was by no means true in my case: I had some three hundred yards to swim, and by the time I had got half-way I was, if possible, in a greater funk than when I started. I swam with my beard over my shoulder, expecting every moment to hear the rush of some huge mugger,‡ or to see its horrid jaws rising above the water. Every ripple startled me, and I could hear my heart thumping against my ribs. At last I reached the other bank safe and sound, scrambled up it sharp, and being lucky enough to find the European sentry a little less ready than most of them with his rifle, succeeded in persuading him that I was not 'a nigger,' in time to escape lead or steel. In a couple of minutes I was surrounded by half the garrison, and had told my story. It was received with a wild hurrah, which startled the gentlemen on the opposite benches not a little, and brought down on us a shower of bullets, which luckily did no damage.

"'Tell Sir George,' said the old Brigadier, 'that we have lots of food and ammunition, and can hold out for a fortnight if necessary; but stop, I will give you a note to him.'

"After taking it, and a peg of rum, I was ready to start again. As I was saying 'Good-by' one of the rifles sang out—

"'By-the-by, Llantaine, if you should get knocked over going back, the General will be in as big a fix as ever; you had better let one of us go with you—two fellows are better than one, and I am your man.'

"Just then a Sepoy stepped out of the crowd.

"'Let me go with the sahib—a black man may get through where a white one can not.'

"He was an Oude man, a 'Pandy,' and a Brahmin, but had stood by his officers like a man, and looked like one who might be trusted; so I accepted his offer at once, and he stuck a copy of the Brigadier's letter into his turban. A shake of the hand all round, a chorus of 'God bless you,' and 'Good-by, old fellow,' and we were both in the water, swimming like fishes. Strangely enough I did not mind it a bit going back; the danger seemed to me to be all over, and I was as jolly as possible. Just as we were nearing the other bank I heard a sudden exclamation from my companion, 'Dekho, sahib, dekho!'* and turning my head, caught sight of something black above the water. The next moment a shrill, sharp cry of agony rang through the still night air. To my dying day I shall never forget the wild despairing face and outstretched arms which rose for a moment high above the water, and then slowly disappeared as my poor comrade was dragged down. I could do nothing to help him; his death-shriek roused the Sepoys, and in another moment a shower of bullets splashed in every direction around me. I pulled myself out of the ditch faint and sick at heart, and scrambled up the bank, but by this time the mutineers were fully aroused, and torches glared on every side. Suddenly the Fort batteries opened fire briskly, and were at once answered by the guns on the opposite bank; rifle, musket, and matchlock joined in the chorus; drums beat to arms throughout the rebel camp, and all was confusion. Hoping to escape unperceived in the row, I ran toward the trees where my horse was tied up, but was intercepted half-way by a lot of Sepoys. My revolver was handy, and I fired into them right and left, but the next minute a bullet hit me in the leg, and I shared the fate of the Black Mousquetaire, who, the legend tells us,

> Went down with a groan and a frown,
> And a hole in his small-clothes the size of a crown,

the only difference in my favor being that *my* small-clothes escaped damage, having parted company with me a couple of hours before. I managed to stagger on to my legs, but only to be sent to grass again with a sabre cut over the head. Of what followed I have but a very vague idea. I remember as I went down a trampling of horses, and hearing the war-cry of my Sikhs, 'Ah gooroo Jee, Ah gooroo Govind!' a clash of sabres, pistol-shots, a whirl of horses' hoofs all round me, and then the blackness of darkness.

* * * * * * *

"When I came to myself we were riding along full speed over the open plain, and old Shere Singh and another were supporting me on either side. At daybreak we halted for a few minutes on the banks of a tank while the horses got breathed a bit, and I had my wounds washed and bound up. By the time that was done I felt pretty well again, and looking about me, missed young Runjeet Singh, and asked his father where he was.

"'He is with his fathers, sahib,' said the old Sikh, calmly; 'he died like a brave man, fighting for you and the great company whose salt he had eaten.'

"I was sorry for the youngster, for he was one of the best men in my corps, and old Shere Singh's only son. On we rode again, keeping our horses up to their speed, for we were being followed pretty close by a troop of Irregulars, and it was quite a toss up whether they ran us down or not. Just as the sun rose, and when we were only some three or four miles from camp, they all but overtook us, and two or three bullets came whizzing about our ears, the Sowars were gaining on us at every stride, and things looked very fishy, when suddenly a turn of the road brought us face to face with another strong party of cavalry. I thought for a moment that it was all over with us; the next instant a ringing cheer told me that we had met friends, and I found myself in the midst of a squadron of my own Sikhs; hard behind us came the enemy, yelling like fiends, and as they turned the corner, pulled up, and crowded together, undecided whether to advance or turn back. Small time had they to make up their minds; our fellows charged down on them furiously; tired men and horses had little chance against fresh ones, and the shock was irresistible. Being myself *hors de combat* I looked on quietly, and never in my life did I see men so cut to pieces; our fellows rode through and through them, and had they been allowed to follow the fugitives, scarcely a man would have escaped. But I wanted to keep them in hand, so sounded the recall rigorously. Back they came; old Shere Singh growling savagely, his sabre covered with blood.

"'If the sahib had only let us go on, we would have followed the scoundrels to the very gates of Bharaghur, and sent all the Mussulman dogs to hell.'

"In half an hour more we were safe in camp, and I went straight to the General's tent. He had evidently been up all night, and looked worn and haggard. Colonel A. and the Adjutant-General were with him. My story was soon told, and the Brigadier's note delivered. The General was in ecstasies.

"'Not a bad night's work, Llantaine,' he said; 'but it's precious lucky the mugger did not swallow you instead of that poor devil of a pandy.'

"'No mugger in his senses would attempt to "take in" the Head of the Intelligence Department,' said Colonel A., with a spasmodic attempt at a joke, and I left the tent.

"'Your name shall go in for the V. C.,' sung out Sir George as I was leaving; 'and it sha'n't be my fault if you don't get it.'

"He was as good as his word, and in due time, red tape permitting, I got my Cross.

"Within a week Shahrânpore had been relieved, and the mutineers who were rash enough to show fight in front of Bharaghur got such a thrashing as they did not forget in a hurry. I was not engaged in either affair, as the cut on my head gave the doctors lots of trouble, and at last sent me home on sick certificate."

* Native officer of Irregular Cavalry.
† Clumps of forest trees.
‡ A crocodile.

* "Look, Sir, look!"

IN THE DARK.

ALL moveless stand the ancient cedar-trees
  Along the drifted sand-hills where they grow;
And from the dark West comes a wandering breeze,
  And waves them to and fro.

A murky darkness lies along the sand,
  Where bright the sunbeams of the morning shone;
And the eye vainly seeks, by sea and land,
  Some light to rest upon.

No large, pale star its glimmering vigil keeps
  An inky sea reflects an inky sky;
And the dark river, like a serpent, creeps
  To where its black piers lie.

Strange, salty odors through the darkness steal,
  And through the dark the ocean thunders roll;
Thick darkness gathers, stifling, till I feel
  Its weight upon my soul.

I stretch my hand out in the empty air;
  I strain my eyes into the heavy night;
Blackness of darkness! Father, hear my prayer,
  Grant me to see the light!

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE following lines, written on closing the churches in Philadelphia in August, 1866, during the prevalence of cholera, may be considered as an indication that the carnality of the human heart is still rebellious against at least some of the institutions of the Church:

If you die in the winter you're buried with care;
The priest in his vestments is sure to be there;
He has eased you off roundly, with homilies crammed:
If you're sick in the summer you may die and be dam'd.

An Irishwoman applying for relief in Portland the other day as one of the sufferers by the fire, was questioned as to her family by the lady to whom she applied:

"How many children have you?"
"Six."
"How old is your youngest?"
"*Me youngest is dead, and I've had another since.*"

"Did you present your account to the defendant?" inquired a lawyer of a client. "I did, your Honor." "And what did he say?" "He told me to go to the devil." "And what did you do then?" "Why then I came to you."

SELECTIONS FROM THE CONSTITUTION OF THE NEW FREEDMEN'S BUREAU.

1. Every freedman shall have a bureau for himself, with a looking-glass on the top, if he wants it.
2. Every freedman shall have a secretary.
3. Every freedboy or freedgirl shall have a wardrobe.
4. Every freedchild shall have whatever it cries for.
5. White people, whether free or not, must behave themselves.
6. All persons of every color, except red, must vote.

"Sammy, my son, don't stand there scratching your head; stir your stumps, or you'll make no progress in life." "Why, father, I've heard you say the only way to get along in this world was to scratch ahead."

SOMETHING RACY.—When the Horse-eating Society dined together in Paris we wonder how many *horse-d'œuvres* were consumed among the viands, and whether the horse-flesh was served up *à la cart*. A lunatic friend suggests that the toast of the evening should have been drunk in a *cheval* glass.

"Turn out! turn out!" cried a roystering teamster to some one he was meeting. "Turn out, or I'll serve you as I did the other man." The stranger in astonishment complied, but when John was nearly opposite, called to him with, "Pray, Sir, how did you serve the other man?" "Why, Sir," said whip, tipping a wink, "I told him to turn out, and he wouldn't, *so I turned out myself!*"

SWORED OFF.—Why must the persons appointed to wind up joint-stock companies invariably be teetotalers?—Because they are liquid-haters.

How many sick ones wish they were healthy;
How many beggar-men wish they were wealthy:
How many ugly ones wish they were pretty;
How many stupid ones wish they were witty;
How many bachelors wish they were married:
How many Benedicts wish they had tarried;
Single or double, life's full of trouble;
Riches are stubble, pleasure's a bubble.

Why is a man's coat larger when he pulls it out of a carpet-bag?—Because he finds it in creases.

Neither false curls, false teeth, false calves, nor even false eyes are so bad as false tongues.

SOMETHING LIKE A TELEGRAPH.—By the Atlantic Cable a message is received in America five hours before it leaves England.

"Won't that boa-constrictor bite me?" said a little boy to a showman. "Oh no, boy, he never bites, but swallows his whittles whole."

"Can you return my love, dearest Julia?"
"Certainly, certainly; I don't want it, I'm sure."

WHOLESALE INFANTICIDE.—"Those crying nuisances," said a sanitary reformer, "at a time like this ought to be abated." "Then," observed a horrid old single gentleman, "we shall have to kill all the babies."

HUMILIATING MEDITATION.

BY A DYSPEPTIC POET.

On any morning, if, when up and dressed
We're bilious, then our souls are sore depressed:
But if no dizziness, or ache, annoy us,
Nor indigestion, then our souls are joyous:
This thought the proudest is enough to flummox,
The puzzling sympathy 'twixt souls and stomachs.

NOVEL CHIMNEY SWEEP.—An ingenious housekeeper that we have heard of, used to sweep her chimney by letting a rope down, which was fastened round the legs of a goose, and then pulling the goose after it.

What is that which is neither flesh nor bone, and yet has four fingers and a thumb?—A glove.

"My dear Murphy," said an Irishman to his friend, "why did you betray the secret I told you?" "Is it betraying you call it? Sure, when I found I wasn't able to keep it myself, didn't I do well to tell it to somebody that could?"

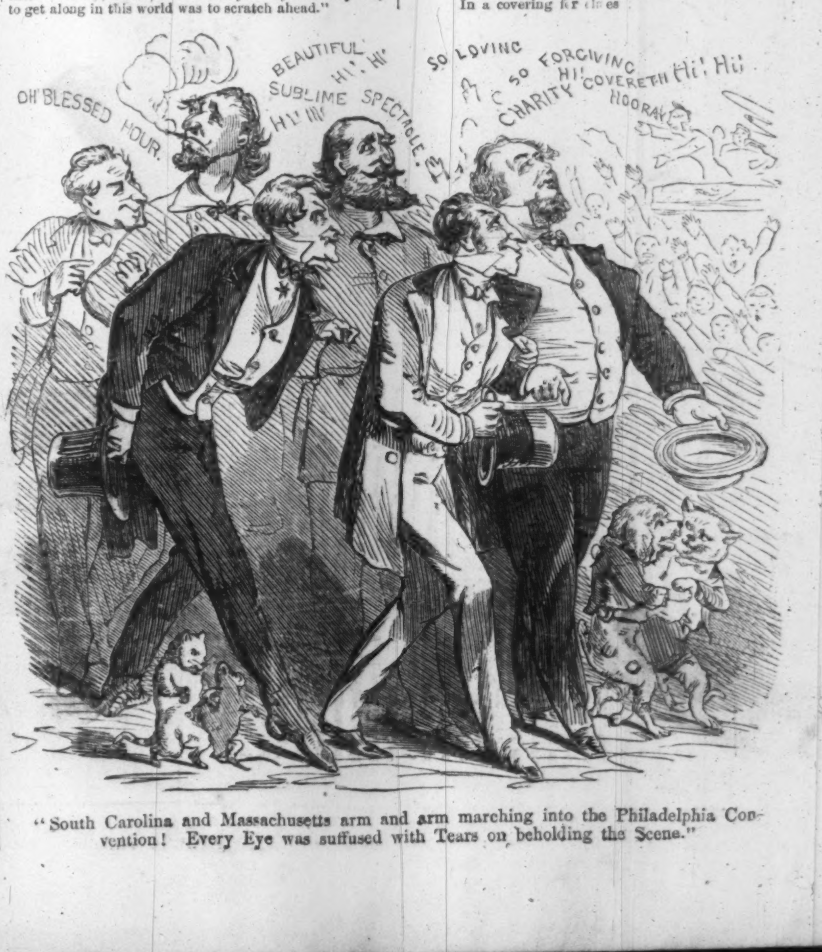
A confirmed toper was bothered how to honor his birthday. A brilliant idea struck him. He kept sober.

A SONG.

FROM "THE BATTLE OF THE BONNETS."

Bonnet! fashioned so divinely,
  Whom I gaze at from afar,
Deck'd with Cluny lace so finely
  Plate? or tantalizing star?
Fasten'd round with chains of metal,
  Furbelow'd with puffs of net,
Room for one wee rose's petal,
  How much smaller will you get?
Smaller very much I find thee
  Since I first came back to town;
And, to my dismay, behind me
  Felt a sudden dearth of crown;
At thy sight my gushing sister
  Screamed. I thought she'd never cease.
Dear mamma could not resist her,
  For she gave us one apiece.

Let us stick to fashion boldly,
  Though the men pretend to blame,
We will take their chaffing coldly,
  Since "*la mode*" from Paris came.
All the bonnets, good or evil,
  Will withstand such shocks as these,
Though they find their very level
  In a covering for [illegible]



"South Carolina and Massachusetts arm and arm marching into the Philadelphia Convention! Every Eye was suffused with Tears on beholding the Scene."

1862.

Iago. The Moor is of a free and open nature,
That thinks men honest that but seem to be so;
And will as tenderly be led by the nose,
As asses.......
Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me.
For making him egregiously an ass,
And practicing upon his peace and quiet
Even to madness. 'Tis here, but yet confus'd:
Knavery's plain face is never seen, till us'd.......
Though I do hate him as I do hell-pains,
Yet, for necessity of present life,
I must show out a flag and sign of love;
Which is indeed but sign.......
Then devils will their blackest sins put on,
They do suggest at first with heavenly shows,
As I do now.......
I humbly do beseech you of your pardon,
For too much loving you.......
I hope, you will consider, what is spoke
Comes from my love;—But, I do see you are mov'd:—
I am to pray you, not to strain my speech
To grosser issues, nor to larger reach
Than to suspicion.......
O grace! O heaven defend me!
Are you a man? have you a soul, or sense?—
God be wi' you; take mine office.—O wretched fool,
That liv'st to make thine honesty a vice!—
O monstrous world! Take note, take note, O world!
To be direct and honest, is not safe.—
I thank you for this profit; and, from hence,
I'll love no friend, since love breeds such offense....
Work on,
My medicine, work! *Othello.*

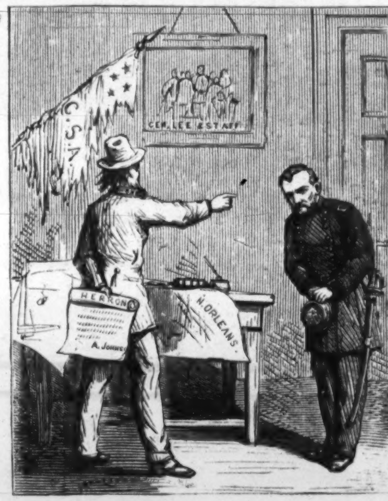
OTHELLO. DOST THOU MOCK ME?

IAGO. I MOCK YOU! NO, BY HEAVEN:
WOULD YOU WOULD BEAR YOUR FORTUNES LIKE A MAN.

SHAKSPEARE.

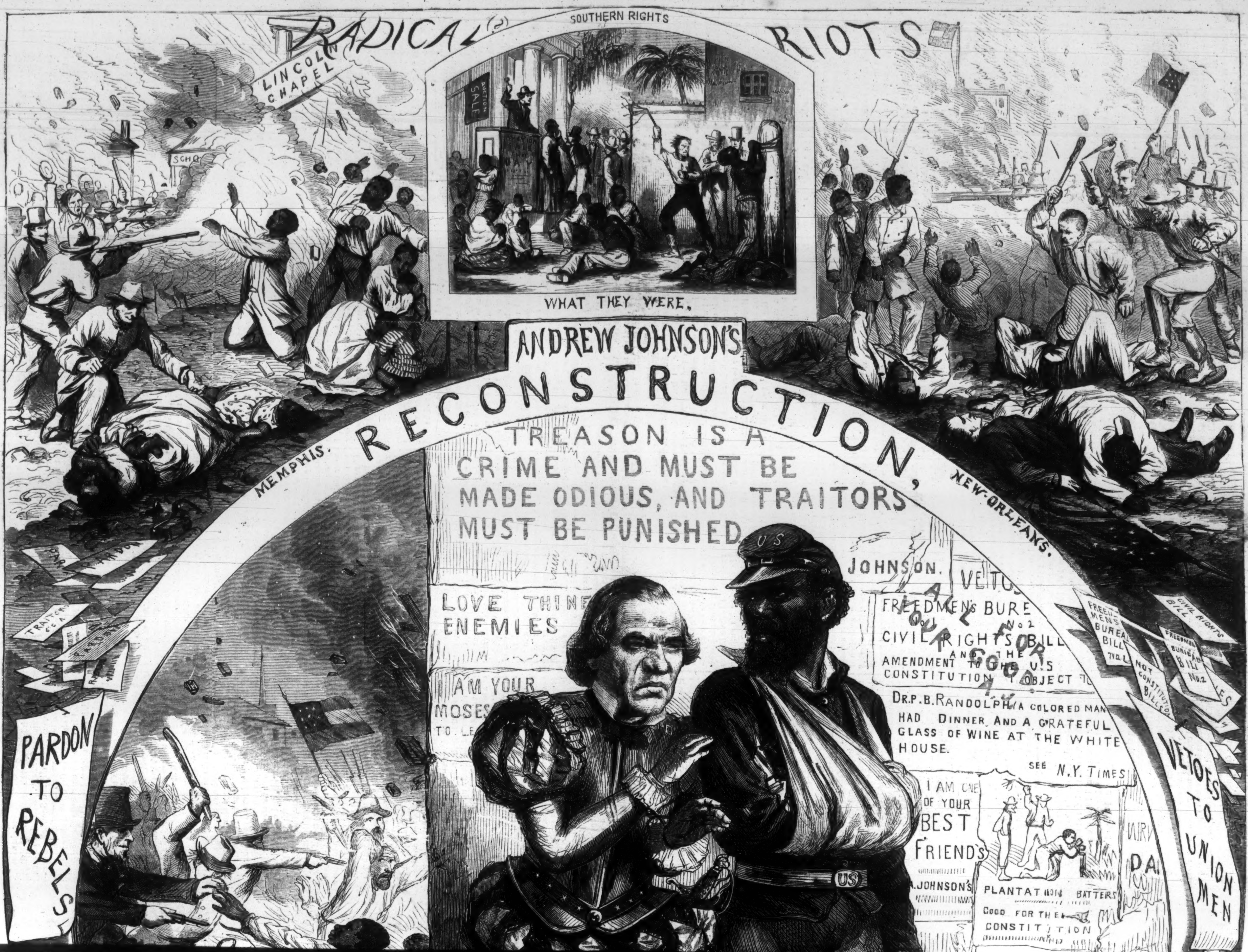
AND HOW IT WORKS.

Th: Nast.



1866.

"I have been accused of being inimical to the true interests of the colored people; but this is not true. I am one of their best friends; and time, which tries and tests all, will demonstrate the fact.......I once said I would be the Moses of your people, and lead them on to liberty—liberty they now have.......I have been blamed for vetoing the Freedmen's Bureau Bill, and have been also represented to the colored people as having done it because I was their enemy. This is not true.......The ordinary course of judicial proceedings is no longer interrupted. The courts, both State and Federal, are in full, complete, and successful operation, and through them every person, regardless of race and color, is entitled to and can be heard. The protection granted to the white citizen is already conferred by law upon the freedman. ......It can not be expected that men who have for four years been made familiar with the blood and carnage of war, who have suffered the loss of property, and in so many instances reduced from affluence to poverty, can at once assume the calm demeanor and action of those citizens of the country whose worldly possessions have not been destroyed, and whose political hopes have not been blasted, and the worst view of this subject affords no parallel in violence to similar outrages that have followed all civil commotions, always less in magnitude than ours. But I do not believe that this to-be-regretted state of things will last long."—ANDREW JOHNSON.


RADICAL (?) RIOTS
SOUTHERN RIGHTS
AUCTION SALE
WHAT THEY WERE.
LINCOL CHAPEL
SCHO
ANDREW JOHNSON'S
RECONSTRUCTION,
MEMPHIS.
NEW-ORLEANS.
TREASON IS A CRIME AND MUST BE MADE ODIOUS, AND TRAITORS MUST BE PUNISHED
JOHNSON.
LOVE THINE ENEMIES
AM YOUR MOSES
VETO
FREEDMEN'S BURE
No 2
CIVIL RIGHTS BILL
AND THE AMENDMENT TO THE U.S CONSTITUTION I OBJECT TO
ALL FOR OUR GOOD
DR P. B. RANDOLPH (A COLORED MAN) HAD DINNER AND A GRATEFUL GLASS OF WINE AT THE WHITE HOUSE.
SEE N.Y. TIMES
I AM ONE OF YOUR BEST FRIENDS
A. JOHNSON'S
PLANTATION BATTERS
GOOD FOR THE CONSTITUTION
US
PARDON
TRAITOR
PARDON TO REBELS
FREEDMEN'S BUREAU BILL
CIVIL RIGHTS BILL
NOT CONSTITUTIONAL
VETOES TO UNION MEN

KITTY CARY.

No marble tells where Kitty Cary sleeps—
Only a simple slab of painted pine,
Time-stained and worn, her poor memorial keeps,
One brief and half-obliterated line—

So near the highway that the yellow sand
From passing wheels falls thickly on her grave;
In death, as in her life, proscribed and banned,
For Kitty Cary lived and died a slave.

Ay, lived and died before the Almighty's hand
Struck the strong fetters from the bondman's limbs,
And made the furthest borders of the land
Shake with her dark-browed kindred's freedom-hymns.

Alas! too early snapped the silver cord,
Or all too slowly came the tardy good—
Life was to her but toil without reward,
And death the welcome end of servitude.

But death is freedom. Haply it may be
That Kitty Cary, from some fairer sphere,
Looks down to-day and pities tenderly
The bitter bondage of existence here—

Yet smiles to see her race with freedom crowned,
Subject no longer to a master's rule,
Nor grieves because their thoughtless children bound
Across her grave-mound on their way to school;

For nothing guards her humble place of rest,
The straying cattle browse above her head,
Untended goats pause in their hungry quest
To crop the scanty verdure from her bed.

Yet Nature's self has not forgotten her,
But decks her lowly grave with tender grace,
Lo! in the wind the blossomed sweet-briers stir,
And scatter fragrance round her resting-place.

RICHMOND, VA. FLORENCE PERCY.

THE TALE OF AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE.

In Six Weekly Portions.—First Portion.

CHAPTER I.

I SUPPOSE that, to be successful, one should see only one side of the object to be attained. At all events, I believe this to have been my sister Anna's case; and she succeeded, if to gain what one strives for be success. Now that I have written those words they scarcely seem to convey my meaning. Perhaps I should have expressed it better if I had written— But no; let it stand as it is.

The reverse of the medal has been my stumbling-block through life. I have always allowed my imagination to busy itself too much with what might be said against, as well as for, any plan, purpose, or speech of mine. But at this quiet twilight-time of my life, and in these pages, which will not be read until the twilight shall have deepened into night, and the night—as I reverently hope—shall have brightened into the dawn of a heavenly day, I resolve to keep but one object in view, and to endeavor to attain it in all simplicity and single-mindedness. And this is my object, Lucy. I want you to know the true story of those who have gone before you, and who have nurtured your youth. The story of two women, who were once young, as you are now young; who lived, and loved, and suffered, as you must one day live, and love, and suffer. I have little hope that our warning beacon will avail to keep you from the rocks. The records of our common humanity date back ages and ages beyond the days of my youth, Lucy—though I dare say your twelve-year-old imagination can hardly conceive a time when Aunt Margaret was young! —and yet I never heard of a case in which one human being's heart-experience served to teach any but himself or herself. We are truly the "heirs of all the ages" in one sense. Science bequeaths its treasures of research and labor. Intellect stumbles, and wavers, and sometimes falls, but progresses, still progresses. The pioneers of thought do good service; and noble band after band, succeeding each other, have hewn out paths for us, on which we travel contentedly, with scant gratitude to, or thought of, the hewers. But, in the science of Life, we must all begin for ourselves where our great-grandfathers and great-grandmothers began. Just as to-morrow will bring with it the same sequence of morning, noon, and night that dawned, and flamed, and faded in Eden. Still, it will be well that you should one day know the truth of a family story which you are as yet too young thoroughly to understand. It will be well if it make you think gently and pitifully of the dead; if it help you to see that "naught's had, all's spent, if our desire be got without content;" and, above all, if it convince you that unless your desire be a worthy one, its attainment can assuredly never, never bring content.

Your grandmother was my sister Anna; that sister of whom I have said that she succeeded in gaining what she strove for. You never saw her after you were an infant two years old, and I know not how I can make you picture to yourself my sister—the sister of pale, wrinkled, gray-haired Aunt Margaret—as a bright, handsome, brilliant girl, full of life, and with a wonderfully high and haughty spirit. She had dark-brown eyes of my color, but larger and brighter—eyes that flashed and sparkled, and sometimes shone with too fierce a lustre when she was excited or angry. She was somewhat shorter than I, but bore herself so erectly as to seem the taller of the two. There was a family likeness between us; but I was never a beauty, while Anna always was. We were brought up together by a guardian; for our parents died when I was five, and Anna three years old. Our father and mother were taken away by the same infectious fever within a fortnight of each other. I have been told—my remembrance of that time is too vague for me to speak of my own knowledge—that our mother died first in delirium, all unconscious of the fond and faithful hand which clasped her to the last; and that from that moment our father, who had kept up to tend and nurse her, drooped and sickened, and seemed to yield himself to death. What hurt him most was, that she should not have recognized him at the end, nor said one word of farewell; and I think the very last words he spoke were, "Phœbe will know me when I see her now!" They used to say I was like him. Well! Our guardian came and took us away from the desolate house, and we soon forgot our brief sorrow and found a warm soft nest to dwell in, two little unfledged innocents that we were, from whom the sheltering mother-wings had taken flight so soon forever.

I have used the term "our guardian," for so he was truly and faithfully; but I do not mean that he was ever legally appointed so; nor, indeed, were we of importance enough to have a guardian appointed for us. We had no treasure, and needed no dragon to guard it; but God sent us a friend who, though there was nothing else to take care of, took care of *us* from pure love and compassion. He was the husband of my mother's half-sister, a woman many years older than my mother, and he had known and loved both my parents. Childless themselves, he and his wife had often begged—half in jest, half in earnest—to have one of us little ones to rear as their own. Anna was their favorite—as she was most people's—such a pretty plump thing as she was, with great eyes, and delicate rings of dark-brown hair curling over her forehead! But they would have been glad to take either of us. They have often told me that father used to say, laughingly: "Wait till I die, Jim, and I'll leave you one of them in my will!" Poor father! Mother was passionately eager to have a son, and had even, I believe, made a half-promise that, if ever a boy were born to her, one of us inferior creatures should be transferred to the Gable House. But I do not think that any number of brothers would have pushed us from our places in father's heart. It was hoped at first that there might be some small provision for us when his affairs were finally wound up. No one expected that we could have much; but his practice had been a large one, and he had lived simply, and had had no selfish expenses. However, beyond the small sum obtained by the sale of the furniture and books, we had literally nothing. A country surgeon, if he be one of those good Samaritans to whom the sight of helpless suffering is the most effectual appeal that can be made, and who will not only prescribe the healing oil and cordial wine, but bestow them, if need be, is seldom rich. And my father was still young and strong when the fever felled him. He looked not for death. How many of us do expect his coming, even though the journey have been long and the road stretch far behind us? Uncle Gough carried us home, Anna and me, in our little black frocks; and Aunt Gough kissed us, and cried over us, and took us into her heart, and filled a mother's place to us while she lived.

I remember that, from the first, Anna was the more masterful of us two. What she desired, she desired so eagerly; what she aimed at, even in our childish days, she pursued with so blind a vehemence of passion, that weaker wills unconsciously drew aside, and ceased from offering any obstacle to her course. It was bad for Anna, this yielding on the part of those around her. I have sometimes thought that if our parents had lived Anna and others might have been spared the bitter sorrows which afterward wrecked more than one life. And yet the expression of that thought seems so like a reproach to the memory of the beloved guardians of our youth that I can not bear to say so. But the fault, if fault there were, lay in the excessive tenderness of Aunt and Uncle Gough. They had so resolved that the orphans should never miss the sweetness of a mother's love—should never feel, even for an instant, the chill of orphanhood and strangeness in their new home—that they shrank from the remotest semblance of harshness, and wielded their authority with a gentleness which seemed almost feeble.

CHAPTER II.

THE new home that received us was delightful in its outward aspect. It was a very old building, and the good fortune or good taste of its successive occupants had preserved it almost in its original condition. I have never, in England, seen so perfect and picturesque a specimen of an ancient dwelling-house, except in the good old town of Shrewsbury. Uncle Gough's residence was, however, situated in a quite different quarter of England, in a smiling southern county, and within twenty miles of the sea. It was, I believe, the largest, and was most certainly the noblest-looking house in the little town of Willborough, and it stood in spacious grounds of its own. The lawn and gardens and orchards extended back a considerable distance; but the front of the house was quite near enough to the main street of the town for its numerous gables to be well seen from thence above the high brick walls which surrounded it; and the great old iron entrance-gate gave to view the hall-door with its quaint overhanging porch and the stone benches within it, on either side, whereon, in fine sunny weather, might often be seen a heap of children's books and toys, with perhaps a small straw-hat or a crumpled sash, the whole zealously guarded by the tiniest, fieriest, uncanniest-looking black-and-tan terrier that was ever beheld. For this great porch was Anna's favorite playing-place, and Vixen was her favorite playmate. The porch was a constant *casus belli*—not between Anna and Aunt Gough, for the dear soul would let the child have her way when she fancied her heart was set upon littering the stone benches and pursuing her pastimes in full view of all the passers-by in the High Street. But old Stock, uncle's factotum and absolute tyrant, strongly objected to what he called the unseemliness of poor Anna's selected haunt. He was a queer, wooden-looking old man, whose real business was that of a gardener, but who seemed to fancy he had a sort of vested right in every inch of Uncle Gough's territory which lay outside the thick panels of the hall-door. Beyond that, into the house itself, he never pushed his authority; but once set your foot on the broad slab of stone under the entrance-porch, and you entered the domains of King Stock—or, as we children used to call him when we came to the days of Æsop's Fables, King Stork. Certainly that long-legged monarch himself could not have been more absolute, or more superbly indifferent to the inclinations of his subjects. Stock's highest word of praise was "seemly." I have heard him call the great snowy sea of apple-blossoms in the orchard, flushed by a red sunset, "a seemly sight." In the same way, if Stock pronounced any person, place, or thing to be "unseemly," we all knew that he meant to convey a very strong expression of condemnation. I have sometimes thought he fancied the word to be Scriptural, and to carry with it a weight of solemnity beyond any mere mundane or usual phrase. However that may have been, I know that he and Anna had many and many a battle about that unfortunate porch. "Why, Miss Anna," he would say, with slow utterance and wooden, immovable face, "when you've got the larn"—so he called the lawn—"and the gardens, and the srubbery, and the horchard, and the medders for to play in, take what you likes and spile what you likes, whativer possesses you to come and litter and mess all over this here porch, with your pictur-books and your ties [toys]? And that little scratting beast of a Vixen, that I'd rayther 'ave 'ad a dozen barn-door fowl on the gravel-drive this mornin', and the marks of her paws all over them stone benches! 'Tisn't seemly, I tell ye. Do what you likes in the house. There's more old rooms and passages in the top-story nor you'd trot through on your small petitoes in a week. But in this porch you shall not be; for 'tis a unseemly thing, and there an end."

But there was by no means an end. Anna would stamp her small scarlet-shod foot (children wore red morocco shoes in those days), and would knit her delicate baby eyebrows, and would throw herself furiously on the bench beside her treasures at the least hint of an attempt to remove them; while Vixen would bark and snap, and dart forward with short, spiteful leaps of defiance, and the two would be so shrill and shrewish that the fray generally ended in the child and the dog being left panting, but victorious, in possession of the field. Once only, old Stock—who never turned a hair, as the phrase goes, in these combats, but was outwardly as cool and unruffled as his small foe was flushed and disheveled—adopted the extreme measure of lifting up the refractory one, screaming with rage, in his arms, and carrying her deliberately to my uncle in the library for instant punishment; while Vic, small of body but great of spirit, hung on by her teeth to the calf of his leathern gaiter with all four legs off the ground at once. Ludicrous as the scene was, our kind guardians were so frightened by Anna's violence, and so unwilling to deny her the gratification of any wish, that Stock's appeal resulted in total defeat for him, and triumph and consolation for his enemy, in the shape of an orange and a bright silver sixpence. Dear, dear Uncle Gough! How tender he was, how pitiful, how patient, with the helpless, motherless children he had taken to be as his own!

From that day forth Stock never sought to interfere with Anna's choice of a playing-place. I believe she was the only creature who, within the memory of men, had successfully fought Stock on his own territory; and it might have been expected that he would be implacable against his pigmy conqueror. But it was not so. I believe he was afterward doubly stern in asserting his authority against all the rest of the world, and I have an indistinct remembrance of Uncle Gough's having been obliged to yield up certain celery-beds which Stock chose to disapprove of, as a peace-offering to his outraged dignity. But I do not think Stock was more harsh with Anna after her victory than before. Indeed, I used to fancy that he almost liked her the better for it. On one occasion I ventured to tread some little way in my sister's footsteps, emboldened by the success of her rebellion; but my audacity received so prompt and severe a check as effectually quenched any rising aspiration I might have had to do battle with "King Stork," presumptuous little minion that I was! It happened in this wise: We had been racing and romping through the grounds all the morning of one bright summer day, and toward noon were thoroughly heated and weary. Nurse had carried off Anna, half cross and whole sleepy, for a nap before our early dinner. I, being two years older and not so delicate and easily tired as my sister, was left to follow my own devices until it should be time to wash and brush me for dinner. Under these circumstances, and while still undecided how to bestow myself during the next hour, my eye caught the broad island of shadow cast by the porch on the dazzling space of yellow gravel that lay glaring in the sunshine before the house. A graceful Virginia creeper hung lightly over the entrance, and the porch looked so deep and mysterious in its blackness of shade, that I thought of a certain cave in a wood that I had been told of in some fairy tale of surpassing interest, and the idea occurred to me how delightful it would be to play at being the enchanted maiden who was kept prisoner by the wicked fairy, compelled to remain spell-bound and motionless in the cave until the handsomest prince in all the world should come and touch her with a branch of the magic linden-tree, when she was to arise and marry the prince, and live happy ever after! There was a great golden-blossomed laburnum on one side of the porch, and that would do very well for the linden-tree, and would be much prettier. So off I ran in hot haste to the "wilderness"—as our play-room was significantly christened—and returned flushed and happy to the porch, with my doll and a white woolly lamb on wheels, whereof the uninitiated could never, at first sight, distinguish the head from the tail, much to my chagrin. Dolly was not so beautiful a work of art as your waxen baby, Lucy. She was large and clumsy, cut out of wood, with crimson-varnished cheeks, and her hair conspicuously attached to her skull by a bright tin tack in the middle of the parting; but she was very dear to my childish heart for all that, and, for a power of Protean versatility, and assumption of the most widely differing characters, I would match her against the choicest and costliest puppets of France or Germany. Well! I came back to the porch, carrying Dolly and Snowball. Snowball, the woolly lamb, was an innovation, there being no such character in the original story; but I constructed in my mind an episode showing how Snowball, in endeavoring to defend his beloved mistress, had incurred the wicked fairy's wrath, and had been condemned to share her captivity: so his presence in the cave was satisfactorily accounted for. I covered Dolly's head and shoulders with a pink silk scarf from my own neck, and immediately she became as magnificent and malignant a fairy as could be desired. Then I lay down on the cool stone bench, with my arms round Snowball's neck, and waited for Prince Goldenheart with his branch of linden.

The shade and the silence, and my morning's romp, combined to make me drowsy. I was just beginning to lose the sensation of Snowball's rough wool against my cheek, when a slow, heavy step on the gravel outside startled me into wakefulness, and I sat up very quietly and peered out under the hanging screen of Virginia creeper. Of course it was old Stock. I had known his step at once. He was going toward the garden, and carried a heavy spade over his shoulder. The porch was so dark, and the outer sunlight so dazzling, that I think he would have passed by without seeing me, had it not been for poor Dolly, who, true to her present character of the malignant fairy, was the means of getting me into trouble. I had stuck her up to keep guard over us at the entrance of the cave, and the glories of her pink scarf attracted Stock's attention. "Hulloa!" said he, looking in upon me, with his gnarled brown hand shading his eyes; "why, it's you, is it, Miss Margrit?" He spoke very sternly, and stooped as if to take up Dolly. "Oh, would you *please* not to touch her, Stock?" said I, pleading eagerly; "she is the fairy Malevola, and I am Rosabella, and nobody can come into the cave without a branch of the magic linden-tree, and—" "Oho!" growled Stock, interrupting my explanation, and ruthlessly lifting the fairy Malevola by one leg, so that she dangled helplessly upside down, with her disheveled locks revealing her bald, wooden block of a head, except just where the tin tack held them on—"Oho! YOU are agoin' to set me at defiance now, are you, Miss Margrit? If nobody can't go into the cave, somebody shall come out on it! Ain't you shamed to be flyin' in the faces of them as Providence has been pleased to call into that condition of life? Come along out this minute, you bad-behaved child!" It so irritated me to see him slowly swinging Dolly backward and forward as he spoke, with her poor bald head ignominiously exposed to view, and her black curls sweeping the gravel, that I was goaded into resistance. "Give me my doll!" I cried, half astonished at my own audacity. She was no longer the fairy Malevola; there was no enchanted cave, no magic linden, no Prince Goldenheart. Ah, no! All that had vanished like a broken bubble. Stock had spoiled it all! But I clasped Snowball tightly under one arm, and held out the other for Dolly with an imperious gesture. "I WILL have her!" "Who says shall and will?" retorted Stock, with exasperating disregard of my demand. "YOU says shall and will now, do you? Them ain't words for little child'en." "Dolly is mine, not yours," said I, struggling to keep down my tears, and clutching Snowball; "she is mine, my very own; and you have no right to keep her from me." "No right!" repeated Stock, aghast at this demonstration—"no right! If I was to come down so fur as to reason with a babe and suckling, I'd ask you what right you have to be a playin', and—and a strayin'—in a place where you've been forbid for to play." Here he made a full stop; but added, after an instant, and with his usual deliberation, "—or for to stray." The logic of this retort struck me more forcibly than any mere scolding could have done. It was true I had been forbidden to bring my toys into the porch; but next minute there came into my mind the remembrance of Anna's victory, and I felt Stock's argument to be unsound. "Anna," said I, eagerly, "Anna was let to come here yesterday, and she cut the gravel with her skipping-rope; and if she has a right to be here, so have I." Stock turned his deep-set black eyes full upon me, and looked at me piercingly for a second or two. "Miss Margrit," said he, at last, "don't YOU arguey. Argueyment ain't meant for women folks, much more babes and sucklings. No good didn't never come on it. What they've got to do is, just to mind what's said to them, and do it. That's the law and the prophets. You come out of that porch this minute, or I'll spile this here wooden image for good an' all." He lifted his heavy spade, and made as though he would have cut Dolly in two with it. I do not believe now that he would really have done so, for, though a harsh and crabbed old man, he was not brutal. But my childish heart leaped with terror when I saw the murderous weapon suspended over the smiling and unconscious Dolly; and, with a scream, I darted forth, caught the doll in my arms, and rushed away across the lawn at the back of the house, never stopping until I had plunged into the thickest part of the shrubbery, where I flung myself sobbing on the grass, and hugged my rescued treasure.

More than sixty years have passed since that day when I so unsuccessfully emulated Anna—for I can not have been much over seven years old—and yet every incident of it is far more vividly present to my mind than when I was five-and-twenty. I can recall the bitter, pungent taste of a spiky leaf from the old cedar-tree under which I lay; and the half-unconscious way in which I put it between my teeth, and pricked my lips with its sharp point. Ah, Lucy! Since that day I have dreamed day-dreams in other enchanted caves, and have been bound by stronger spells than the fairy Malevola's, and I have waited for Prince Goldenheart, as you will wait for him some day; and instead of the handsomest youth in all the world, with a fragrant

green bough in his hand, there has hobbled up old Stock with his spade to crumble the whole beautiful vision into dust! But then too, Lucy, I have never had the warmth of love and pity, and sympathy with suffering, quenched out of my heart, and, after all, I ought to be a happy old woman. And so I am, my dear. So I am.

We were happy in those days, if ever children were happy. As time went on, and we ceased to be mere babies, we were not allowed to run wild about the grounds from morning to night. But such tasks as were set us had no terrors, and few difficulties. I fear that you of the rising generation will have but a mean opinion of Aunt Gough's educational powers when I confess that I was turned eight years old before I could read with ease. But I had already worked several samplers, and could even stitch a shirt very creditably by that time. Anna's education began somewhat earlier, as was natural; for the two years' difference between our ages enabled me to help her at first in deciphering the mysteries of Great A and little b. Aunt Gough was a stanch church-woman. Every Sunday morning we were taken to the great family pew and were perched up side by side on two crimson hassocks placed on the seat; and thus elevated, the brim of my hat just reached to the top of the pew. Anna, being smaller, was altogether invisible to the outside world, except when she stood up on her cushion during the psalms. There are scarcely any pews nowadays. Every body sits on a hard bench in full view of his or her neighbors. As it is certainly a much more uncomfortable state of things than the old fashion, let us hope it has some compensating spiritual advantages.

Anna and I liked going to church. It was not made terrible to our young imaginations, nor were we taught to think of religion as of a stern Medusa, whose contemplation turns the gazer into stone. As to giving us any portion of the Scriptures to learn by way of punishment, Aunt Gough would have been shocked at the notion of such a thing. She did, indeed, consider it her duty to make us learn the Church Catechism—which we didn't understand; and she told us stories from the New Testament—which we did understand, and, moreover, delighted in. One great source of Sunday pleasure was the music. Our church possessed a very fine old organ; and though our organist would not be considered very scientific in these days, he contrived to elicit from it its mellowest tones and richest harmonies. He loved the grand old instrument, and thought more of his organ than of himself: which feeling—the self-forgetfulness of a true artist—communicated itself irresistibly to his hearers. Even we children were conscious of a beauty in the psalms and voluntaries beyond the mere sound. And I remember once saying to our guardian, "I do like to listen to Mr. Dixon, he plays so kindly."

As we grew older, and were thought to have got beyond the range of dear Aunt Gough's simple teaching, we were sent to a day-school in the town. Our schoolmistress, Miss Wokenham, was one of the tiniest women I ever saw. There was more than one child of eleven or twelve years old in the school who could look down on her from a superior height; and our plump rosy cheeks and round arms would seem quite coarse and clumsy—*rustic* as her phrase was then, for every thing redolent of health and vigor, as well as for what was in itself rough and unpolished—beside Miss Wokenham's fragile, elfish form. She was not old as I now reckon age—perhaps forty-five—but her antiquity was very venerable in my eyes then. Her hair was snowy white, but soft and shining, and wavy with natural curls; she had bright dark eyes, and an immensely wide mouth, filled, however, with a faultless set of teeth. Perhaps Miss Wokenham's attainments were really nothing very marvelous, but we all thought her a prodigy of learning. And, indeed, making all due allowance for the march of intellect in these days, I am inclined to believe that Miss Wokenham was mistress of some solid acquirements that one might seek for vainly among more showily-accomplished governesses. She had a competent knowledge of history and geography, and a turn for arithmetic that was quite surprising; she had even, it was whispered, dabbled a little in the mathematics; and our parish clergyman, who had graduated at Cambridge, was wont to declare that, if Miss Wokenham had been a man, she would have made the wranglers of her year look to their laurels. But perhaps this was a figure of speech. At all events, Miss Wokenham herself used to declare it was; and she was a most absolutely and uncompromisingly truthful human being. If, as sometimes happened, a scholar thirsting for knowledge pushed her beyond her depth, she never hesitated for an instant to confess her ignorance. "I don't know, my dear," she would say, fixing her brave black eyes earnestly on the interrogator: "I don't know, but if it is to be known we'll find it out." And then she would reach down the lexicon, or the atlas, or whatever book of reference might be needed, and work side by side with her pupil until the desired information was gained. This candor, far from weakening her influence over us, had so diametrically opposite an effect, that we were one and all ready to swear to the positive certainty of any thing imparted to us by Miss Wokenham as a fact.

Under her tuition I and Anna were well content to remain, until we were respectively seventeen and fifteen years old, with no more brilliant accomplishments than as much music as enabled us to rattle through a country dance or so, and a smattering of French imparted by a long-suffering Frenchman named De Beauguet, whom we persisted in irreverently styling Old Bogie. Anna had a lovely fresh voice, and used to thrill all our hearts with some old Border ballad, or a canzonet by Mr. Haydn, as we sat round the fire in the winter twilight. I sang too a little, but my voice had neither the power nor the charm of Anna's.

Meanwhile, things went on pleasantly and peacefully at the Gable House. If time began to streak Uncle Gough's hair with snow, and to deepen a line here and there in my aunt's comely face, the change was so gradual that we did not notice it. Perhaps old Stock altered as little as it was possible for any one to do during a lapse of ten years. He had always seemed old since we had known him, so that was nothing new. He had always been brown-skinned, and stooping, and wrinkled, and crabbed, and he was so still; so *that* was nothing new. Poor old Stock! He seemed to have but one pleasure in life, unless his constant quarrels with every one around him afforded him gratification. His sole luxury was his pipe. He would sit by the kitchen fire of an evening, smoking his churchwarden filled with the strongest tobacco that could be bought, and talking theology to the maids; for Stock had decided views about religion. I used to think, when I was a child, that they were quite peculiar to himself; but I have heard in subsequent years dogmas gravely promulgated, which, barring the difference of grammar, might have emanated from old Stock himself.

Cook was the only one of the servants bold enough to tackle Stock on this, his strong point; but even she frequently retired worsted from the conflict. "Well," she would say, taking refuge in generalities, "I'm sure I don't know, Mr. Stock, but I've allays believed as them as acted accordin' to their consciences was in the right way. There's more nor one road to heaven, you know."

"Heaven!" Stock would repeat, with a growl of contempt. "Much *you* knows about heaven!"

"Deary me, bless us and save us, Mr. Stock! I hopes I knows as much about heaven as you do, any way."

"I'm one of the 'lect, *I* am," the old man would say: his face wooden as ever, and his utterance deliberate and weighty as with a sense of absolute conviction: "*I'm* all right. There'll be me and one or two more on us there, but there'll be vary few on us—*vary* few on us."

I remember the curious speculations this kind of talk used to excite in my mind. I never for a moment believed that Stock was right, but I used to wonder with the vague curiosity of a thoughtful child how he would feel when he found so many more people in heaven than he expected, and whether he would be pleased or disappointed at not finding it reserved for the exclusive occupation of himself and "one or two more on us."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

To the ambitious housewife the fruit season is one continued "harvest time." Then her own pet, private store-room, upon which Winter and Spring had made fearful ravages, is gradually replenished—the long rows of well-filled jars, bottles, and cans again shine resplendent on the shelves—preserves and pickles, canned fruits and dried, are laid in abundantly; and she is certainly excusable if she exhibits some pride in her transparent jelly, which will "*cut*," or her sweetmeats, which look as bright as if freshly gathered.

Great progress has been made during the past few years in the methods of preserving fruits. Although most housekeepers still like to "make up" some jars of sweetmeats after the old rule of "pound for pound," canned fruits are much more commonly used, not only because they are more easily made and more economical, but also because they are really nicer. New contrivances for keeping fruit for table use through the year are developed every season; and nothing but actual experience can satisfy each housekeeper that any one mode is *the* desirable one. A few hints, however, may be accepted.

Fruit, for preserving, should ordinarily be fully ripe—there are a few exceptions, as for instance, the gooseberry is considered better when green. The granulated white sugar is always the best for preserves. There is no economy in using brown sugar which requires much clarifying. A good preserving kettle is an important desideratum. Iron ones, lined with porcelain, are commonly used; but the porcelain soon cracks. Perhaps nothing is more satisfactory, on the whole, than a brass or copper kettle; but it is important that it be thoroughly cleansed immediately before using. If the fruit is to be put up with only a small proportion of sugar, or without any, it is essential, of course, to have jars or cans which can be made air-tight. Nothing is more vexatious to any good lady than to find her fruit all spoiled, and her labor lost, because the jars were not properly secured. Some use wide-mouthed bottles, with common corks, and wax or cement; others, tin cans, which can be sealed up; and then there are a variety of self-sealing glass jars. Some of these are very difficult to manage—it is a great labor to fasten them up, and it is as much as a jar is worth to attempt to open it. Some, however, are simple and secure. Perhaps as good a kind as any is Willoughby's, which has an iron top with an India-rubber band, and is fastened down by a screw. We have never known this kind to fail to keep the fruit. The jar should always be filled *full* before screwing down the cover. This kind of jar can be easily opened, which will be found a great advantage. But almost any jar can be opened with less difficulty by putting a cloth wet in hot water around the top. This, however, depends somewhat upon the manner in which it is fastened. There is often some trouble in cleansing the inside of jars which have been used for sweetmeats or other purposes. This may easily be done by filling them with hot water, and then stirring in a little pearlash. Strong sal soda would probably be about as efficacious.

With these few general hints we leave the subject of preserving for each good housewife to experiment upon for herself; begging her not to forget, in her zeal to fill her store-room, that there are many delicious dishes that can be prepared from each fruit in its season, which will be quite as acceptable on the table as any kind of sweetmeats. Pies and puddings are very good; but most of them are made with pastry, which must be prepared with great care in order to be both palatable and healthful. Here is a recipe for a pudding which we will warrant to be nice, and it can be made very easily:

Cover the bottom and sides of a buttered pudding-dish with slices of bread thickly spread with butter. Either home-made or baker's bread may be used, but it should be light and nice. Then put in a layer of peaches which have been pared, without removing the stone. Scatter in a little sugar. Place a layer of thin slices of bread and butter over the peaches; then another layer of peaches, until the dish is full. The upper slices of bread may be dipped in milk or water to keep them moist. Cover the pudding-dish with a plate, or, better still, with a crust of a loaf, to keep the top from burning, and bake an hour or so, according to the size. This, eaten with a *good* pudding sauce, is a delicious dish. Apples, pears, huckleberries, or any other fruit, may be substituted for the peaches.

Another nice yet simple pudding may be made in this way:

Put a tea-cup of tapioca in water with a little salt, and let it stand about five hours where it will be warm. About two hours before dinner peel half a dozen apples (peaches or pears if you choose) and take out the cores. Put them in a pudding-dish, with some sugar, and a tea-cup of water, and bake them until soft. Then pour over them the tapioca, and bake an hour. This may be eaten hot with a sauce, or cold with sugar and cream. Sago or boiled rice may be used instead of tapioca. Or a delicate dish may be made by preparing apples as above, and pouring over them a custard.

A nice custard may be made by taking any kind of fruit, stew and strain it, sweeten it, and let it cool. Beat six eggs and stir into a quart of milk. Mix the whole, flavor to the taste, and bake in cups or a deep dish. It is good either hot or cold.

We are here reminded of a delicious article, the thought of which makes our mouth water even now, though, alas! the old-fashioned "*Pandowdy*," with which a good aunt used to treat us at her hospitable table, has passed away with fire-places and baking-kettles. Nevertheless, having had the recipe from her lips, we give it, hoping some of our readers may be able to reproduce something analogous to it, in spite of ranges and stoves:

"I used to butter a baking-kettle, or some kind of an iron kettle, and make a pie-crust and put into it, leaving a small place just at the bottom of the kettle without any crust. Then put in some good apples, either quartered and cored or sliced. Then lay in a few strips of the crust and some more apples. I always used to sweeten it with maple-sirup—a good large cupful. A few slices of salt pork improves it, and a little cider don't hurt it. I used to cover the whole with pie-crust, and put a tight stone cover on the kettle, so as to keep the steam in. Set it over a slow fire. Three hours is little enough to cook it, and you *mustn't scorch it*."

For the benefit of those gentlemen who by chance may turn contemptuously away from this column, because there is nothing interesting in it, we would remark that these recipes are for their *especial benefit*. The following quotation is *apropos:*

"We may live without poetry, music, and art;
We may live without conscience, and live without heart;
We may live without friends; we may live without books;
But civilized man can not live without cooks.
He may live without books—what is knowledge but grieving?
He may live without hope—what is hope but deceiving?
He may live without love—what is passion but pining?
But where is the man that can live without dining?"

The word Gossip, in olden times, did not mean merely familiar chat about ordinary matters, still less was it a term of opprobrium, as it is sometimes now considered. "Gossip" was a name indicating an intimate companion, whose society was sought and preferred to others. When a man or woman spoke of any one as their "gossip," it was understood as an affectionate term of close intimacy. Its Saxon derivative signifies "relation or affinity," and its first use was to designate sponsors, who answered for a child in baptism; then it came to be applied to women called to help in sickness. Very soon, however, it was used to describe conversation between intimates. Hence interesting and instructive bits of information, communicated in a familiar, conversational style, are properly termed "gossip."

It is stated that some steps have been taken for the establishment of a large free public library in New York City. Such an enterprise will meet with the warm approbation and sympathy of intelligent people; for the want of free libraries, accessible to those who are confined to their business during the day, is a great deficiency in our city. It is a matter of astonishment that the city of London is destitute of such a library; all its libraries are subject to restrictions which prevent their free use, and are open at such hours as to exclude entirely business-men. But London is waking up in regard to this subject. It is said that Paris now possesses seven perfectly free public libraries, and they are being organized by the Government in every village; Berlin has two, and Vienna three.

It really seems as if there was no end to the barbarities practiced upon the "little ones." A schoolmistress in Lenox, Massachusetts, was recently arrested and bound over for trial, for an aggravated assault upon a child 3½ years of age, because he did not spell "fox."

Some writer—evidently *not a lady*—bursts out into the following complaint:

"Any one would suppose that the employment of sewing was the most peaceful and quiet occupation in the world, and yet it is absolutely horrifying to hear ladies talk about stilettoes! bodkins! gatherings! hemmings! gorings! cuttings! whippings! lacings! cuffings! and bastings!"

A literary gentleman of Washington is suffering from a singular disease which physicians call "pen palsy." The affection derives its name from the fact that it is attributed to the use of the popular French copying ink, which contains arsenic. Both his hands and feet are badly swollen, and his health is so precarious that his physicians have prescribed abstinence from the further use of copying ink.

The following notice was recently given from a Western pulpit:

"I would announce to the congregation that, probably by mistake, there was left at this meeting-house this morning a small cotton umbrella, much damaged by time and tear, and of exceeding pale-blue color, in the place whereof was taken a very large black silk umbrella, and of great beauty. Blunders of this sort, brethren and sisters, are getting a little too common."

An English paper presents its readers with some culinary memoranda, as follows:

"The dinner circle is best described by a round of beef. A man may be able to curry favor, and yet be a bad cook. Pious people do not eat deviled chicken. Hunters are hungry people, and have their 'meet' in the field. There is nothing funny in 'dry' bread. The grounds of coffee are often grounds of objection. The most perfect jam is made by overcrowding a small dinner-table."

A characteristic anecdote is told of a Prussian soldier placed sentinel on the steeple of Troppau, and left behind when his company was suddenly obliged to retreat. A narrow winding-stair led to his tower of observation, which, on some citizens ascending to take him prisoner, he defended with his bayonet. The good burghers, finding him so resolute, gave up all idea of capturing him by main force, meaning to humble him by starvation; but in this intent they were equally baffled. The soldier bawled out from his exalted position that, unless supplied with food, he would shoot every one passing his way. The Prussians are known to have 60 cartridges in their pouch, so that the threat was no slight one. Accordingly the necessary rations were duly furnished until the lonely sentinel was relieved by the Prussians.

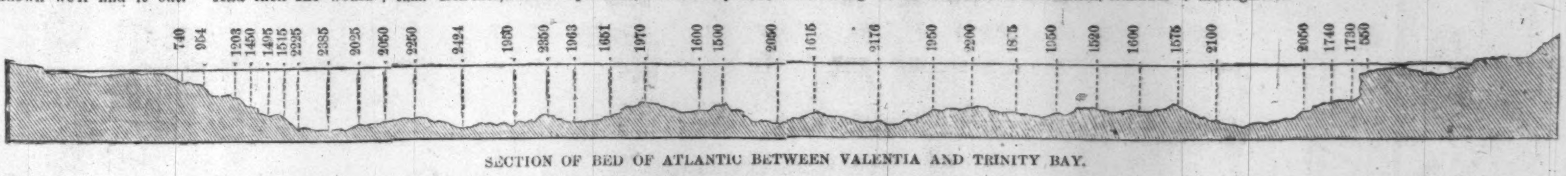
A correspondent of a Paris journal, in describing the princely chateau of Baron James De Rothschild at Ferrieres, says:

"Ordinary paper-hangings are banished, and each room is hung with tapestry, velvet, or silk. Every single visitor finds at his disposal a *suite*, consisting of a splendid drawing-room, boudoir, bedroom, and dressing-room. On every dressing-room table are the ordinary contents of a gorgeous dressing-case: ivory brushes, surmounted by the Baronet's coronet; silver boxes, containing every species of *cosmetique, poudre, de riz*, etc.; exquisite hand-mirrors, mounted in sculptured ivory, sandal-wood, or silver. Curiosity tempts even old bachelors. A scent-bottle of rare workmanship attracted my attention. As the spring flew back, lo! a jeweled watch, by Brequet, was revealed, encased in the top—so while a fair lady inhales the perfumed contents she is informed of the time of day."

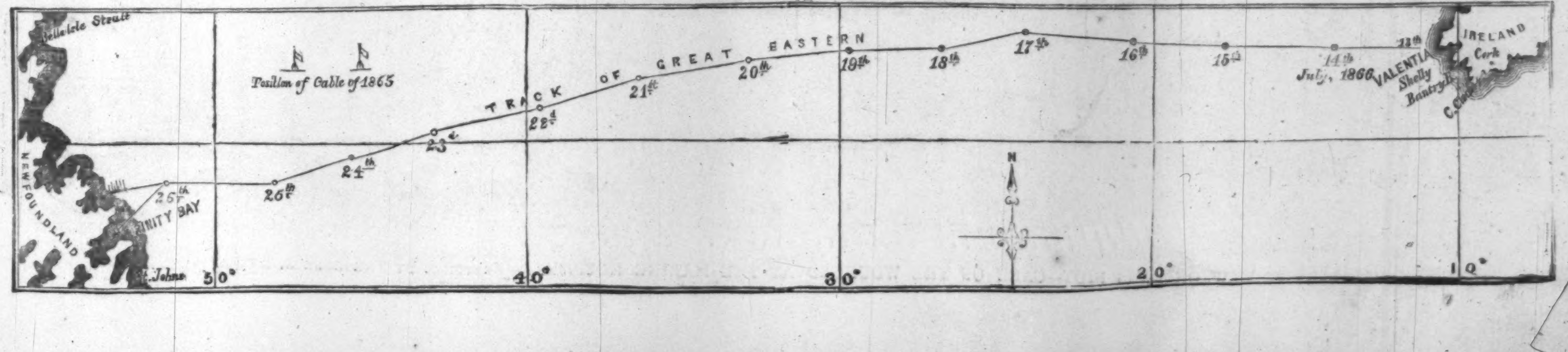
From a foreign journal we clip the following pleasing incident:

"The sanguinary spectacle of war is not altogether devoid of redeeming features. At Koniggratz, while the fight was raging at its fiercest, a soldier's eye was arrested by the sight of a plant of clover, having four leaves. No German can suffer a four-leaved clover to remain unplucked. There is a mysterious charm about it, bound up with his childhood's fancies of luck and images of fairy magic. To the young soldier it certainly was a messenger of good omen. As he bent to pluck it, a cannon-ball whizzed over his head. But for the tiny little plant it would have gone through his body. The precious little memento was gratefully sent to his *bien-aimée* at Konigsberg, who will forever look upon it as the preserver of her bridegroom's life."

The fashion of driving, so common among English ladies, has been extensively adopted by the leaders of the *ton* in Paris; and numerous pretty turn-outs are daily seen in the Bois, driven by elegantly-dressed ladies, with gentleman attendant on the left, and stately groom behind. A great number of pony carriages are driven by children, who are dressed in the most stylish manner, and who handle the reins with perfect skill and self-possession. Every body turns to look at and admire these miniature equipages as they wend their way through the fashionable thoroughfares.



SECTION OF BED OF ATLANTIC BETWEEN VALENTIA AND TRINITY BAY.



AFTER THE RIOT.

THE negroes wounded in the New Orleans riot were nearly all taken to the Marine Hospital, where the best of medical aid is furnished them. Dr. HARRIS has charge of the hospital: he informs me that the majority of his cases will recover, though many of them are shot one or more times besides being severely beaten. Some of the negroes in the ward that I have sketched were attacked while on the way to their dinners, entirely ignorant of the existence of any serious trouble.—The nurses are nearly all mulatto females, who seem thoroughly kind and attentive to their patients, who bear their sufferings with a fortitude that is somewhat surprising. The severe heat and the painful nature of the wounds make the situation of the poor creatures pitiful in the extreme. Were it not for the advantages offered for their comfort by the excellent arrangement of the hospital many would die that will now recover.

The medical officer detailed to make an official report of the killed and wounded presented the names in full, together with the character of the wounds received by the following parties, viz.: Members of the Convention—one killed and eight wounded, or one-third of the members present; white citizens attending the Convention, two killed and nine wounded; total number of whites killed and wounded, 20. Colored citizens attending the Convention—killed, 34; wounded, 119; total of colored killed and wounded, 153. Of the Police there were 10 slightly wounded, most of whom were on duty the next day. One white citizen with the Police was killed. The evidence shows that the man was accidentally shot by the Police; also, that in the excitement many of the Police were wounded by their comrades. In addition to the above, the Doctor reports ten colored men killed and twenty wounded, whose names he could not ascertain.

I have also made a sketch representing the Military Commission receiving testimony concerning the riot. Their report is not yet published. General MOWER is President. The other members are Generals QUINCEY, BALDY, and GREGG. D.

THE NEW ORLEANS RIOT—THE MILITARY COMMISSION EXAMINING WITNESSES.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

THE FIRE IN JERSEY CITY.

EARLY on Sunday morning, August 19, a schooner laden with petroleum, lying alongside the large oil dock situated just north of the Erie Railway Company's freight pier in Jersey City, was set on fire by the careless use of a lamp in the forward hold. In some manner the flame of the lamp communicated with the gas generated by the petroleum oil with which the vessel was laden, and the result was a loud explosion, the man being blown—according to some accounts—many feet into the air, alighting in the water at a distance from the vessel. He was rescued with great difficulty by some bystanders. The deck of the schooner was blown off, and in an inconceivably short space of time she was wrapped in flames.

Of the spread of the fire from this point the New York *Tribune* gives the following account:

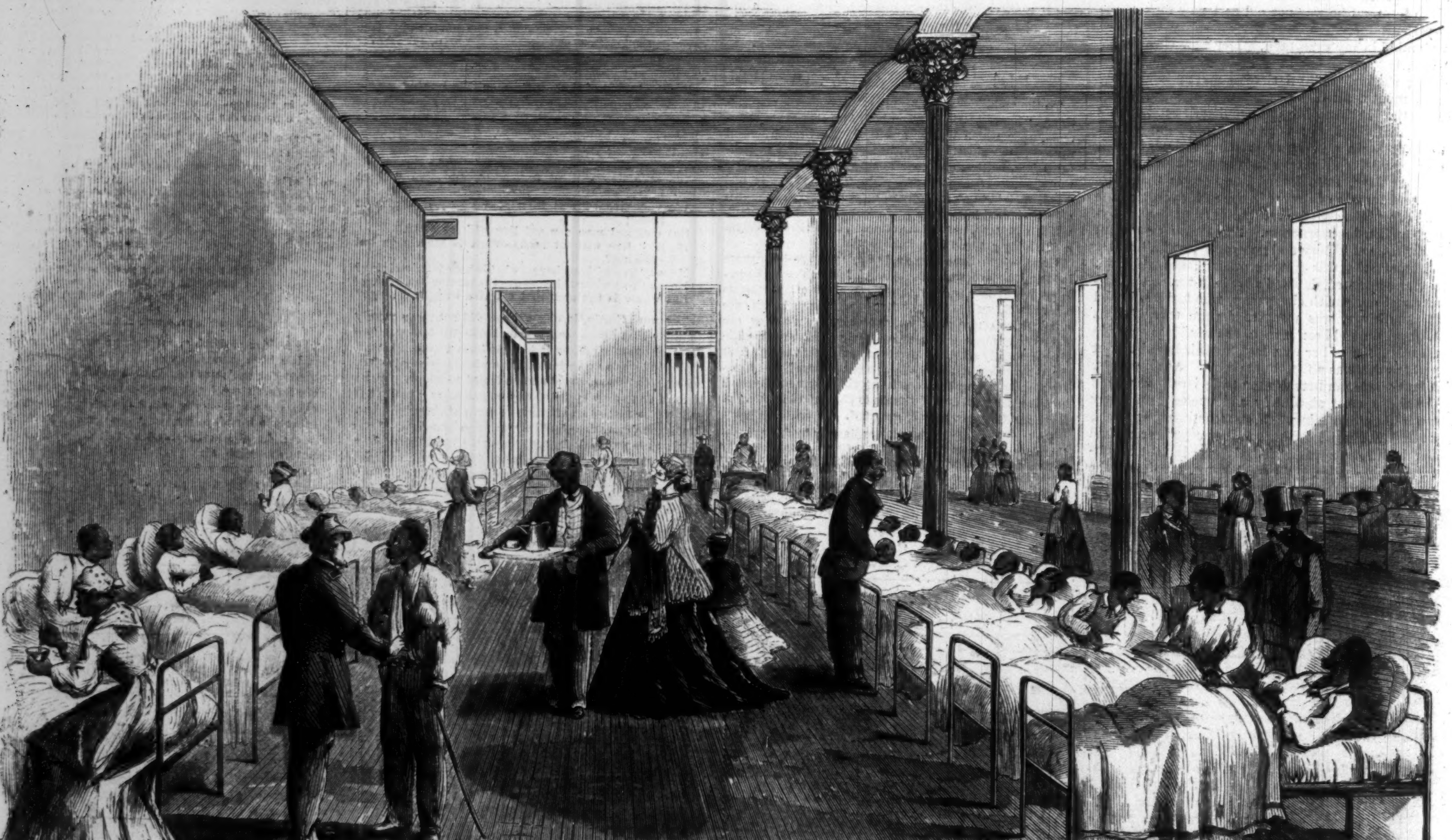
Piled up on the dock in tiers and on the open lot in the vicinity were about 15,000 barrels of crude oil, and in the tanks near by about 3000 barrels of refined oil. Through this inflammable mass the flames rushed with a roar and fury perfectly appalling, while the dense clouds of black and stifling smoke which arose from the mass seemed to darken the entire horizon.

On the side track, which ran the entire length of the pier, were standing about 100 cars belonging to the Erie Railroad Company, laden with oil and waiting to be unloaded. Efforts were at once made to save these if possible.—Gangs of workmen in the employ of the railway company were set to work pushing the cars down the track away from the immediate vicinity of the fire, and they were then attached to a locomotive and drawn to a safe distance.—While thus engaged, many of the workmen had their hands and faces severely scorched and blistered. In this manner all of the cars but 13 were saved.

On the freight, or, as it is more commonly termed, the coal pier of the Erie Railway Company, were a number of cars laden with grain and other articles. Attention was at once turned to saving these, and in the manner above-mentioned the greater portion of them were removed to a place of safety.

Lying in the slips on either side of the pier were a number of brigs, schooners, and lighters engaged in taking on board the oil. So quickly did the flames spread that it was found impossible, in most cases, to cast loose from the pier and float them out in the stream.

Soon after the outbreak of the fire the wind which, up to that time, had been blowing from the northwest, en-



THE NEW ORLEANS RIOT—CARE OF THE WOUNDED AT THE MARINE HOSPITAL.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

PARIS FASHIONS FOR AUGUST, 1866.

dangering the pier and extensive freight and passenger dépôt of the Railway Company, suddenly veered to the south, and in a few moments the large pier north of that mentioned above was found to be on fire. It was leased by A. S. JARVIS & Co., manufacturers and shippers of tobacco, whose extensive manufactory is located but a short distance from the pier.

The flames from the burning oil, reaching to an immense height, were carried by the force of the wind completely across the intervening space, and the entire pier with its contents was soon on fire. It was useless to attempt to extinguish it, the streams of water thrown by the engines seeming to have no effect whatever upon the ocean of flame, and with the exception of a few bales of cotton thrown into the slip and floated out of the reach of the fire, the pier and its contents were completely destroyed.

The freight pier of the railway company was on fire several times; but through the good management of the firemen it was extinguished each time with comparatively trifling damage.

Both the piers which are burned are new, having been erected not long since by the West Jersey Shore Improvement Company at a cost of $50,000 each. They are insured.

From the most trust-worthy data that can be obtained amidst the confusion prevailing at and around the scene of the conflagration, it is probable that at least from ten to fifteen lives have been sacrificed. Of the crew of the *William Bartlett*, the schooner on which the explosion first occurred, but one only has been saved—Henry Kurrell, a German, about thirty-two years of age.

The entire loss from the fire is estimated at $2,000,000.

PARIS FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

THE changes in fashion are not striking this month, and such as there are apply exclusively to toilets for the country and sea-side. Beyond those represented in the illustrations there are robes of white lawn with leaden-gray stripes, vandyked above a jupe of the same material, which is frequently also vandyked itself; or of lilac and white taffeta on a lilac jupe with a trimming of white lace, and with a loose jacket of the same material as the jupe, and similarly trimmed. For dinner and evening dress we have robes of thin watered silk, with brilliant color stripes on a white ground; the train long, the corsage quite plain, with a band of the same color as the stripes of the robe; the sleeves very tight, and especially so at the wrist. Other robes are of gaze de Chambéry, of a pale green or mauve tint, and worn over a jupe of white taffeta, the corsage being of white embroidered muslin. All these dresses are worn with trains, and generally with a trimming of white lace down the seams of the robe. Hats are, of course, taking precedence of chapeaux: they are of the ordinary shapes and materials. Black or black and white straw-hats with narrow brims, and trimmed with scarlet velvet ribbon, or with bunches of red berries, seem likely to be much worn.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Fig. 1. *Walking Dress.*—Casaque robe and jupe of pale gray sultane, trimmed with violet-colored ribbon and a cord of passementerie, with rows of violet silk buttons at the back and sides of the casaque. Chapeau and strings of violet-color crape, with jet aigrette on the right-hand side.

Fig. 2. Casaque without sleeves, and upper jupe of delicate gray mohair, trimmed and edged with drops of black jet. The upper jupe, hanging in festoons, shows a second jupe, which, with the sleeves, is striped black and pale gray. Chapeau of white straw, with a star of black jet.

Fig. 3. Robe of white foulard ornamented with long lappets and vandykes, terminating in tassels of mauve-colored taffeta. The corsage, which is cut square, is similarly ornamented. Chapeau Chinois trimmed with bands of black velvet, on which large daisies are arranged at regular intervals.

Fig. 4. *Evening Dress.*—Robe of foulard des Indes, covered with small spots; the jupe gored, and at every seam a trimming of quilted rose-colored taffeta, bordered with narrow black lace. Corsage similarly trimmed. Sleeves of puffed tulle, with epaulets and cuffs of foulard edged with taffeta and black lace, the hair fastened with rose-colored ribbon of the same tint as the taffeta of the robe.

A SKETCHING ADVENTURE.

"ISN'T it a beauty?" was my greeting as I strolled one morning into the *salon* of our little inn.

"Isn't what a beauty?" answered I.

"This pistol. Elliot bought it in Bayonne yesterday for my birthday present. I think it's the very prettiest little thing of the kind I ever saw in my life; isn't it, Mr. Campbell?"

"My dear Mrs. Hardinge," I replied, amazed,

GREAT PETROLEUM FIRE IN JERSEY CITY, AUGUST 19, 1866.—[SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.]

"what in the world put it into your head to want a pistol? What nonsense! who do you suppose is going to hurt you?"

"I don't know; maybe no one, nor nothing, and I dare say it's very silly; but when I'm out sketching or walking by myself miles away from home, I fancy I shall feel more comfortable if I have some sort of a protector with me, although I don't suppose I shall ever meet with any thing dreadful, of course, or I shouldn't go alone."

"Well," said I, after a minute examination, "it certainly is a perfect little affair. Take care you don't shoot yourself, that's all;" and with a laughing promise on her part to "try not," we went our different ways for an hour or two, to prepare as usual for the expeditions of the day.

What blind moles we are! How little did either she or I imagine that before another day dawned her life would hang on the way she used that little revolver.

We were a very happy *partie quarrle;* Elliot Hardinge and his wife; I, John Campbell, and mine. We had got tired of the coast of Biscay, where we had spent the early part of the winter, and taken to the little villages among the Pyrenees, where there was very good fishing, and occasionally plenty of shooting besides. Our wives sometimes accompanied us on our excursions, but very often mine, who was rather an invalid, remained at home, while Mrs. Hardinge, a perfect slave to her color-box, would go out alone, sketching, leaving Elliot and me to our own devices.

Thus it had been arranged for the day in question. Elliot, his wife, and I, started all together; but we two left the lady at the entrance to a small valley which ran at almost right angles with the tract of country we intended shooting over; in passing which one day she had fancied some particular view or another would make a good subject for a picture, and determined to take advantage of the warmth of this unlucky Friday to have a long day's work there. Accordingly, we bade each other good-by, and went our separate ways. She, of course, went armed with her revolver and plenty of ammunition, "for who knows," quoth she, laughing, "but that I may have to kill a giant or two before I return?"

At this point of my story I must change places with Mrs. Hardinge, and let her tell her own tale as she told it to us long afterward, when she had in some measure recovered from the horrible effects of this terrible day.

"The weather," said she, "was so delicious, and the scenery so beautiful, that instead of sitting down at once to my work I wandered on, always believing I could cap the present view with the one I should get by just climbing the brow of the next hill: this one led to another, and that to still another; and I had only just begun to find out that I had strayed much further than I had intended, or than, indeed, was quite safe at this time of year, even though I had a grand new pistol to take care of myself with, when I awakened to the very unpleasant fact that the sun was rapidly disappearing behind the high mountains to the west, and that I should soon have only moonlight to help me find my way back again. Of course, sketching was now quite out of the question, and I turned round somewhat anxiously to see what way-marks I could remember to have passed in the morning. Luckily, though long, the valley was straight, and in the open ground just in front of the gorge by which it communicated with the more extended country beyond, there was a group of cork-trees, the peculiar shape of which rendered them distinguishable from the brushwood which clothed the bases of the mountains. Luckily, too, the valley, precipitous and rugged on either side, had a nearly even ground, perhaps half a mile wide, upon which, when once reached, the walking would be easy. So though the trees were a good three miles off, and I was already sufficiently tired, I calculated that I should reach them in about an hour and a half, all hindrances considered, and once there, I should be only one mile from the inn: and after all, I flattered myself, I could get home before you," she said, addressing her husband, "and the others had begun to be frightened about me.

"Off I started, therefore, and walked away with a will. In less than half an hour the sun set, and for a while it was almost totally dark. To press on, not minding the stumbles and occasional falls, and to keep up as brave a heart as I could, was all that was possible; and I had got nearly to the end of the last wood, close to the open ground (which I had not dared try to reach by a direct scramble in the dark), and could see the cork-trees looming large in the glimmer of the rising moon, when I thought I heard a peculiar cry far away behind me, and I paused for a moment to listen, thinking there might possibly be some other belated wanderer in the dark as well as myself.

"For only *one* moment. The next I was rushing along as fast as terror could drive me, sketching things, cloak, umbrella, every thing which might impede my flight flung away; for in that one moment all I had ever heard of the now seldom seen Pyrenéan dogs, their terribly acute scent and horrible ferocity, flashed through my mind, and I knew by instinct that the sound I had heard was the cry of one of them as it had stumbled on my trail, and that the whole pack would be upon me long, I feared, ere I could get even as far as the cork-trees.

"At first, as I fled along wildly, I gave myself up for lost, for the idea of defending myself never once occurred to me, so paralyzed was I with fear; but as I went on and heard the occasional cry, and hungry yapping always nearer and nearer, the horror of the threatened death roused in me a courage I had never known before, and remembering now, in fearful earnest, my revolver, I resolved to sell my life at all events as dear as I could.

"At this moment I gained the open ground. The moon, white and brilliant, lighted up the valley, and brought into strong relief the group of cork-trees not far away now, and which, oh! if I could but reach, I believed I might yet escape.

"I pulled out my revolver, hardly abating my speed, slipped the safety stop, and made for a little thicket of juniper some fifty yards in front; for now the cruel 'yapping' sounded closer and closer, and it seemed as if hundreds of savage beasts were at my heels; if I could not stop them so as to gain a little time, I must be torn to pieces in a minute. Suddenly facing them as I reached the juniper, and instinctively remembering the direction to fire low which you gave me, you know, Elliot, I shot off each barrel quick as lightning, then rushed on again. That I had killed some, at all events, was evident by the growling and fighting of the others over the dead ones. I knew that the dogs nowadays were never known to descend to the valleys until driven by actual starvation, and, also, that when hungry they did not scruple to eat the dead of their own kind; so I ran on, at the same time reloading the pistol, my hope being that by firing among the pack I might gain the time they took while they stopped to devour those which were killed.

"How it was, I don't know; I suppose every one has felt the same when the first brunt of a great danger has been endured, and one remains for the moment still in safety; but as I ran I felt a reckless courage, and a, so to speak, determination *not* to be killed, take possession of me. On I went, my pace a little slackened, for I feared my strength would hardly hold out; and I was congratulating myself upon the precious minutes I was gaining, when I heard a single 'yapp' so close behind, that an agony of terror put for the moment my late courage to flight, and I almost fell down paralyzed, as, turning my head, I saw two glaring eyes within a yard of me. In less time, however, than it takes to tell you, I revived again, fired, and, waiting only to see that the dog was disabled, struggled on once more; and now, only a few yards from the trees, I was looking to see which would be the best to make for, when the pack came on again in full cry. Alas! there was no juniper here for a defense for my back, and I knew all must be lost if they once got to close quarters; so I turned again, let off all the barrels pretty nearly at random, and then made the last effort I felt would be possible, for I was well-nigh exhausted, and at last reached the trees.

"How I scrambled up one of them I don't know, and what became of me for a while I don't know; I fancy I lost consciousness altogether, but when I came to myself, and looked down on the sea of glaring eyes below, it was almost more than I could endure. Yet it was evident they could not reach me, leap and jump as they might; and all the tales I had heard of creatures gnawing trees down in which their prey was seated I firmly believed to be pure fiction, so that all I had to do to be safe appeared, after all, to sit still where I was.

"But for how long? I had only three cartridges left. I could not be sure of the number of dogs in the pack, but there were upward of fifty at least, and whether they only attacked at night, or were equally savage during the day, I knew not. But even should they remain long, which was not probable when once they found that their prey was out of reach, I remembered that you would be sure to come to my help when you found I had not returned; and I was comforting myself with this assurance when it flashed through me that you would, as likely as not, come without your guns, and if you did, nothing could save you. This was the worst of all, and as I sat thinking of it, the cold dews of helpless dread gathered on my face, and I put back the shrill whistle I always carried when wandering alone, and which I was just going to blow, lest it should give you too true a clew to my place of refuge.

"How long I sat crouched among the branches of that friendly cork-tree, turning these hopes and fears over in my mind, I hardly know. It must have been an hour at least, for the moon had traveled over the valley, and was setting behind the snowy mountains beyond, when from the opening gorge, mentioned before, there came a shout! I knew the voice well, Elliot, and waited without answering lest you should be alone. I think the few minutes of suspense which followed were more intolerable than any thing which had yet happened! But very soon there came another shout, and then several voices together, and almost at the same moment the glare of torches, as a whole party of men turned into the valley. The relief was too great. I tried to shout, too, but my voice died away in my throat. I tried my whistle now, but the sound I produced was too feeble to be heard far away. At last, by a bright thought, I fired off my three remaining cartridges, and then—you know better what happened and what became of me than I do myself."

What happened, and what became of Mrs. Hardinge, was as follows:

As we neared the grove of cork-trees so often alluded to in the above recital, and to which we were directed by the sound of the pistol, the pack of dogs left their unsatisfactory employment of gazing at the food which was unattainable, and came *en masse* to attack us. But we were prepared for them, and they received two or three volleys so well-directed and telling that, after coming at us once again, they betook themselves to the shelter of the brushwood on each side the valley. I said we were prepared for them; for, returning home from our expedition about an hour before, we were met by a peasant who told us that he and some others had seen the first pack of wild dogs remembered for upward of thirty years, descending from the High Pyrenees toward these valleys; and as they certainly were not far away, it was not safe to be out, unless in a party and well-armed, for they were always desperately savage; they had doubtless been driven from their lairs (he said) by the long continuance of cold and snow.

"Which direction had they taken?" asked we, with a view to a possible day's sport on the morrow.

Judge of our horror when the man named the valley Mrs. Hardinge had chosen for her walk that morning, and pointed to the mountain immediately overhanging it as the place where he had seen them.

Before he could finish his sentence we were hurrying home at our utmost speed, hoping to find our fears needless, and her safely returned. When, however, we got there, hours later than she usually remained out, our hearts failed, when, to our quick question, "Where's Mrs. Hardinge?" my wife replied, "I don't know; she has not come in; I thought she was with you!" Instantly the alarm was given, the whole village was roused; every man armed with a gun rallied round us, and we took our way to the entrance to the valley, silent and sick with apprehension for the fate which most likely had ere this overtaken her.

After the rout of the dogs we hastened to the trees, and climbing that in which, by the light of our torches, we could see Mrs. Hardinge, lifted her down. She was quite insensible, though, further than bad bruises and tears, apparently from falls and thorns, she seemed unhurt; at all events, there was no mark of the dogs upon her. We carried her home and did all we could to restore consciousness; but, alas! the horrors she had gone through had been too great, and it was many, many days before she recovered from their effects. It was not, indeed, until three weeks afterward that she was able to give us the preceding account.

She still treasures her little pistol as the chief saviour, under Providence, of her life; but we who heard her tale so unaffectedly told thought the pistol would have been but of little use had it not been for the wonderful pluck and almost incredible courage which had borne her through hours of danger, more appalling than often falls to the lot of a man to endure, much less to that of a lady.

It is hardly necessary to add that that was the last time I ever laughed at a lady for asking for a pistol as a birthday present.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

THE THREE LITTLE SPADES.

By MISS ANNA WARNER,

Author of "Dollars and Cents," etc.

CHAPTER XV.

"I WISH I knew who Mrs. Grundy really was," said Lily, as she rubbed her face with the towel next morning.

"Yes, so do I," said Clover, brushing away at her hair. "Mamma's stories always mean something; and I'm almost sure I've heard her speak of Mrs. Grundy before. I want to hear the rest—it was very interesting."

"Yes, it was interesting," said Lily, in a rather doubtful tone of voice, "but I don't know how—mamma so often says something disagreeable."

"Mamma say any thing disagreeable!" exclaimed Clover, turning round with wide-open eyes.

"How you take one up!" said Lily. "Of course I don't mean mamma herself, only in her stories, you know—the stories say it, if you like that any better."

"I like mamma's stories, every one," said Clover, gravely.

"Well, so do I," said Lily, "only they make me feel queer sometimes—or I'm afraid they will, which comes to the same thing. But I'll tell you what I do wish, Clover—I wish I knew how many things are really worth having."

"Why, a great many things," said Clover. "There's flowers, and books, and pictures—oh, I couldn't begin to count them all."

"No, but I mean," said Lily, "how many of each kind—how much must there be to make it really worth while? You know Maria Jarvis said that so few flowers weren't good for much, or something like that. Now how many *are* good for much?"

"I don't believe *she* knows," said Clover, with a slightly disdainful air.

"Well, but she said her father always wanted a quantity—don't you remember?"

"I remember," said Clover. "And I guess it wouldn't be much matter if I forgot."

"You always laugh at every thing Maria says," said Lily, rather displeased at the implied slight to her friend's conversation.

"Oh no, not at every thing; only at some things," said Clover. "But if you want to know how many flowers are worth having, Lily, why don't you ask papa?"

"I guess I will," said Lily. "Wouldn't he laugh!"

"Then wait and listen," said Clover. "I do that sometimes, and often it almost seems as if papa and mamma understood, and began to talk of that very thing on purpose. Wait and listen, if you don't know. *I* know," said Clover, with a happy face, "I want every flower I can get, whether it's one or a hundred. Oh, I wonder how our boxes look this morning."

The boxes looked queer—so the children thought; or rather it was the panes of glass. Last night they had been perfectly bright and clear, and now each one was covered with fine drops of water, like a thick steam, so that you could hardly see the little flower-pots within.

"It's that tiresome Malvina," said Lily. "She's forever washing the windows, and she hadn't eyes to see that our glasses were all clean, and so she's been washing them. We must get mamma to speak to her right away. I won't have her meddling with *my* box of plants—ignorant thing!"

"Who is an ignorant thing?" inquired Sam, from the fireside.

"Malvina."

"What has Malvina been doing?"

"Why, she has washed all our panes of glass," said Lily; "here they are dripping with water."

"Ah!" said Sam.

"Yes, ah!" said Lily. "And, what's more, she must have taken 'em every one off, for the water's all on the inside. I guess she wiped off the top."

"Indeed!" said Sam, with the same provoking coolness. "Ah!"

Lily bounded from the window and caught hold of his book.

"Sam, you sha'n't sit there and exasperate me! Just come and look for yourself, if you don't choose to believe other people. The panes of glass are just *dripping*."

"So they are—I see," said Sam, coming to the window. "Ignorance is a wonderful thing!"

"It's a very troublesome thing," said Lily.

"Very!" said Sam.

"Lily," said Clover, who had been studying her brother's face, "Sam is just laughing at us. He means that *we* are the ignorant people."

"He don't!" said Lily. "Now, Sam?"

"There are ignorant people somewhere," said Sam, with a grave shake of his head.

"Well, I don't want to be one any longer," said Clover.

"Oh, maybe he washed 'em himself!" cried little Primrose.

"Truly I did not," said Sam; "but I'll tell you what did—the air inside the boxes."

"The air!" said Lily. "Sam, you're a real humbug. The air is just as dry as a chip."

"The air," continued Sam, without heeding this polite comment, "by means of the heat which is in it, holds fast and hid away a certain amount of moisture; but whenever it meets with something much colder than itself, then it gives up part of its heat and moisture too. Now the air inside your boxes is warmer than the glass, and so the glass steals away some of its heat. If a piece of cloth were there instead, it would take up heat and moisture together; but the glass can take up only the heat. Now, then, when the warm damp air in the box comes against the cold panes of glass, some of the heat in the air passes into the glass; but the moisture which that heat held fast in the air is left behind on the surface of the glass—deposited there—it can not go in."

"Well, that's curious," said Lily. "But I wish it wouldn't get deposited there—as you call it; it'll go drop, dropping all over my poor seeds."

"Not much; it may run down the glass a little to the edge of the box. But that is one use of the glass, Lily; it keeps all the moisture in."

"Where does the moisture come from—to begin with?" said Clover.

"Why, from the earth in the pots; and if there were no glass there the earth would be all dry in a very short time."

"Then we could water it," said Lily.

"It is a difficult matter to water the earth over small seeds without washing them out of place. By-and-by, when the plants come up, they may need a little water now and then, but even that must be done very carefully. I'll show you how when the time comes."

"Well," said Prim, "I guess Maria Jarvis would think a few flowers were something to take care of, any way. But she says all *her* father cares about is quantity—quantity!"

"I dare say. Well, he has a quantity of—almost every thing," said Sam, pausing a little to consider his words.

"Of course, our boxes and things looked very mean to her," said Lily.

"Mean, did they?" said Sam. "She is a wise young lady. How should you like to know somebody who never had but one thing at a time in her life, and hardly ever even heard of a quantity?"

"One flower, do you mean?" said Clover.

"One any thing. She would think your boxes a whole green-house."

"Would she?" said Lily, her spirits rising at the idea of such a different view of things. "I think I should like to see her very much."

"Well, some time you shall," said Sam; "but just now it is needful to go to breakfast."

It seemed as if Clover's words were to come true that morning, for Mr. May came in to breakfast bringing a single half-blown La Marque rose in his hand.

"There," he said to his wife; "so much I got for you in my early ride, and only so much."

"Only!" said Mrs. May, as she took the exquisite flower and gazed at it.

"Ay, 'only;' I thought it was not much—compared with the store from which it came. But 'a little that a righteous man hath is better than the riches of many wicked;' so you can comfort yourself with that. We'll have La Marques of our own, I hope, another year."

"Papa," said Lily, "how much is a little?"

"A sapient question!" said her father, laughing. "A little is—not a great deal!"

"But you said it was *better* than a great deal, papa."

"Ah, but you must mark my conditions. A little may be wrapped up in something very sweet, and a great deal in something very bitter. Ask mamma—she knows all about it."

"But how much is worth having, papa?" persisted Lily.

"As much as you can get, *I* think," said Mr. May; "your mother thinks differently."

"No, I think just that," said Mrs. May, "only with the conditions you are so fond of. So much as is received in the love of God, and used in the fear of God—all that is precious and worth having."

"Mamma, that don't mean our flowers?" said Primrose. "Lily was thinking of flowers."

"It means every thing, of every sort."

"Flowers!" said Mr. May. "And so Lily's ideas are enlarging? I thought so. She wants more ground to dig. She's such an enterprising child, this Lily, and digs so fast!"

Lily blushed and asked no more questions, but Prim took up the word in her grave way.

"Mamma, I don't know how to do it."

"What, love?"

"What you said—with my flowers," said Prim, folding her childish hands and looking deep into the question. "I don't know how to take 'em nor use 'em." The mother looked at her.

"Take them, as formed by the Lord's power and wisdom and love, for His glory and our joy," she said. "Then use them, as given by His kindness to His little child for her pleasure and for His service."

"*Use* them—my flowers?" said Prim.

"Yes," said her mother, "all for God, since all is from Him. One day He will ask even what we have done with our flowers."

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[*From the Rev. J. W. Poland's Autobiography.*]

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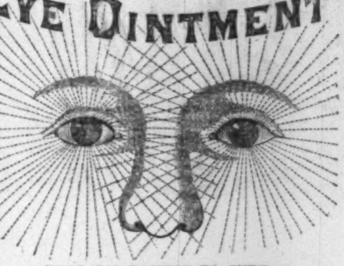

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